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THE STORY OF A NOBODY.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

Whenever you meet a "nobody,"
Remember this lesson in verse,
And pity your neighbor, Tom Noddy,
And open your heart and your purse;
The fellow was always good-hearted,
And still is untainted by crime,
But virtue, worn out and departed,
Receive the cold shoulder of Time.

Tom Noddy's good parents were clever,
And loved their young hopeful as much
As fathers and mothers do ever
In Sunday-school stories, and such;
They kept his face clean as a whistle,
But talked of "original sin,"
They never allowed him a pistol—
Not even a playing of tin.

They told him the world was all hollow,
But questions he must not propound,
Advice they would give him to follow,
Well-tested, and proved to be sound;
But never a dollar for pleasure,
For papers, and pictures and toys—
Such trifles afforded scant measure,
And were the most foolish of joys.

Tom Noddy attentively listened
To all this oracular stuff,
With eyes of sad wonder that glistened
Like diamonds, just out of the rough;
But when the poor fellow grew older,
And entered the battle of life,
He found his competitors bolder,
And getting the best of the strife.

Endeavor succeeded endeavor,
And followed disaster so fast,
That nothing, no, nothing, could ever
Recover so hopeless a past;
And, on the broad breast of Time's river,
Another fair wreck was to drift,
Without the least struggle or quiver,
Against the strong current so swift.

Such troubles make people demented,
Or drive them at once to the bad,
But those who appear so contented
Are really the cases most sad;
Of such is your neighbor, Tom Noddy—
He knows it, and suffers in shame—
A clever and simple "nobody,"
But who is—oh, who is to blame?

WILMA WILDE.

The Doctor's Ward: OR, THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA," "THE ADOPTED,"
"THE CHICKEN WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," "CRUEL'S
DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES,"
"THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTO THE SHADOW.

DYING. Alone except for the elfin-faced girl
shrinking back into the shadow, awed by the
presence creeping closer as the minutes passed,
with a greater dread of the hard face outlined
against the pillow than she had experienced
hitherto, and yet she had never known any
thing differing from dread and awe of that
hard-featured old man, dying there in the late
afternoon of the late October day.

A chill, clouded day, with ghostly lights
and shades chasing across the outer landscape
already sere with heavy frosts. The chill and
the clouds were dissolving together as the
hours wore on, and a fine mist filled the at-
mosphere, gathering faster and heavier and break-
ing with a dash and a burst at last against the
dark old house, rattling the windows of the
room in which these two waited.

The gray head on the pillow stirred, and two
great hollow eyes opened with the vacant stare
of half-unconsciousness changing to a vague
comprehension as familiar objects about met his
sight.

"What was that?" he asked, in a voice sharp
and rasping.

"Rain," the girl answered. "A storm has
been all the day gathering."

"Rain and storm," muttered the dying man,
"rain and storm, devastation, ruin, waste—
good! Winds blow, lightning burn, thunders
crash. I can die easier with them tearing their
way through the world. Curse the world and
all in the world, I say!" The vehemence with
which the last words were uttered was appal-
ling, considering how close he was upon that
verge of the world which breaks into eternity.
It was exhaustive as well, and he caught gasp-
ingly for the breath which gurgled through his
throat with a harsh rattle. The girl made haste
to put a cordial to his lips which he swallowed
with an effort. The hollow eyes glared up at
her in a way which sent a shiver curdling the
blood in her veins.

"You! Why is not Gerrit here? You
know I never want you."

No need to tell her that with all the years
of her remembrance passed in the gloomy place,
and not one affectionate word which she could
recall he had ever addressed to her. She had
been an object of aversion to him, banished
from his sight sometimes for days together, but
always as carefully secluded from contact with
that outer world which he was cursing with his
dying breath. What a morbidly unhealthy at-
mosphere for the girl-nature to expand in! One
might question if the faint of it would cling
to and corrode the entire afterlife. But this
girl carried a pathetic appeal stamped on the
thin dark features, and looking out of the big,
wistful eyes which must have struck a sadder
chord than any the careless worldly heart often
responds to, a look which might have struck a
chill of apprehension in a generous heart, a
foreboding of an unhappy life darkling ahead,
a desire to ward off the brooding trouble, what-
ever it might be, from that childish figure, tim-
id and shrinking, still and self-contained with
the mastery of habitual reserve.

She answered his harsh words quietly.
"Mrs. Gerrit has gone for the medicine
which was ordered. It is so near the doctor's
house I think she must be waiting for him. She
had no umbrella, and it is raining fast. Shall
I sit by your side?—I will be very quiet."

He turned his head slightly with an impatient
gesture.

"No, no. Go away out of my sight. God



"You are nothing to me—nothing! You were cursed before you ever saw the light!"

knows there's no comfort in the sight of you;
no comfort that you ever came into life, and
less loss than even I shall be when you quit
it."

She drew back a step, clasping her hands, a
quick pallor sweeping across her small dark
face.

"Oh, why do you hate me so?" she cried, in
a low, breathless way. "Why is there no one
in all the world to care for me? Who am I—
what am I, that the only being in the world on
whom I have any claim can find no comfort
that I ever came into life? I must be some-
thing to you, or hating me as you do you would
not have kept me here. Why am I so kept
away from other people; why do you dislike
me so, Mr. Gregory; oh, do tell me—why?"

A deepening purplish tint was in the harsh
face upon the pillow; his labored respiration
was shorter and louder. With an effort he
raised himself in the bed, stretching out one
quivering hand, his difficult articulation intense
with a bitterness which burned every cruel
word upon the girl's remembrance with an in-
effaceable stamp.

"You are nothing to me—nothing! You
were cursed before you ever saw the light. If
there be any one in all this world upon whom
you have any claim, that one of all living mor-
tals has greatest cause for hate and dread of
you. If ever you fancy you have found such a
one, tear your own heart out rather than at-
tempt to press any such claim. If you would
not call other curses upon the hour you were
born. Yours is a dead life. If you ever pray
for any thing, pray that you may never be the
cause of a living death."

He fell back again, pale, trembling, the
breath grown faint upon his lips, but this time
she did not stir in attempting to revive him.
She shrank back into the deeper shadows, with
a dull pain and terror called up by his words,
the last of which repeated themselves again
and again in her mind like some threatening
danger which her comprehension could not
grasp.

"Yours is a dead life; if you ever pray for
any thing, pray that you may never be the
cause of a living death." What could that mean?
Why, oh, why had she been born at all, since
her very existence must be a curse to herself
and to any other who might be allied to her?
What a fate to be hers at the time when other
lives would be putting forth their best buds of
promise, when they would be blossoming with
the hope and happiness which only young lives
know! She had drawn close to a window and
was pressing her forehead against a pane, with
those painfully numbing thoughts stirring
within her, the raindrops, now falling heavily
without, dashing at intervals against the glass
and trickling down before the great, mournful,
unheeding eyes. If she observed them at all it
may have been with a vague fancy that even
the clouds were more blessed than she, since
they could weep and she could not.

She heard the opening door without turning
her head, but a moment of silence and an ad-

vancing step drew her gaze suddenly that
way.

A woman's form was framed in the doorway,
which was certainly not the form of Mrs. Ger-
rit. This shape was tall, and though loosely
cloaked, slender and graceful as she could see.
A falling veil concealed the face, and while she
gazed the form moved swiftly forward across
the floor to the bedside of the dying man. His
eyes went up with a startled light in them to
meet the woman's eyes looking down as she
put out a small gloved hand to touch him. Some
unintelligible words bubbled up to his lips, but
without noticing his apparent effort to speak
the unannounced visitor addressed him.

"I heard that you were dying, and I have
come once more to ask for those treasures of
mine which you took from me long ago. I
could have forgiven you all your harshness and
all your cruelty more readily than that. They
have never been any thing to you; they have
done you no good; they might be turned to do
me harm. For the sake of the tie which should
have bound us closer once, will you not give
them to me now that you are upon your death-
bed?"

The voice was low, clear and sweet, but of
such an even intonation that it seemed incap-
able of conveying jarring emotions. The harsh,
aged, wasted face upon the pillow had changed
strangely. Some look had come into it which
the girl by the window had never seen there
before, and which seemed a struggle even at
that time between bitterness and yearning, be-
tween upspringing tenderness and hard resolve.
"I told you before that I had not kept them,
that they were destroyed years ago," he answered,
speaking with difficulty but quite distinctly,
while his eyes never wavered from her face.
"You would have kept them and pored over
them, and been discovered at last. I was wise
in putting it out of your power to bring harm
upon yourself."

"You will not give them to me? I thought if
you would ever soften it might be at this hour."
And you have no pity," he whispered,
hoarsely. "It is a mournful, disappointed life
which will be ended soon, and its pitiful close
does not touch you. Dying alone—as much
alone since you have come."

"It is a perverted and willfully wasted life,"
said the low, steady voice. "Whatever motive
may have actuated, or whatever mistaken sense
of duty may have prompted, it was a wrong,
hard, unsympathetic life from the very first. I
can not find fault with myself for having learned
my lesson too well. What I am you made
me, and I am no more ice or marble—feel-
less—now than you were in the days gone by.
I have come on a fruitless mission, but I did
not come hopeful, and I shall not go de-
pendent."

She turned from him and a bitter spasm
convulsed his features, but he made no motion, and
in a second more the heavy lids dropped over
his eyes, dimming already with the dead num-
bness creeping over him. The presence of the
girl in the room had not been observed by the

visitor, until in turning she caught a glimpse of
the slight figure outlined against the dull gray
outer light. At the same instant suppressed
sounds became audible from without, a door
opened and shut, and footsteps came nearer
through the bare corridor.

The girl glided silently forward to admit the
new-comers to the room, while the lady, sweep-
ing the falling veil closer over her features,
stood still, awaiting a passage-way. Two per-
sons entered. A tall thin man in advance whose
keen light eyes swept the room and absorbed
the situation presented there with a single
glance. Following him the quiet, elderly per-
son who was the one servant of that dull old
house. When the chamber door closed it shut
the other two out, and the lady paused to drop
her hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"Who are you?" she asked, abruptly. "How
do you come to be here?"

"I am Wilma Wilde, and I live with Mr.
Gregory."

"What are you to him?"

"Nothing, he said. I am nothing to any one
in the wide world, so far as I know."

"Not strange since you live here. Yours is
not entirely a new experience, Wilma. What
will be done with you when he is gone?"

"I don't know. I suppose I shall live on
here with Mrs. Gerrit."

"That was she?" with a glance at the closed
door.

"Yes."

"And the other?"

"Was Dr. Dallas."

"Ah, well, Wilma; some one will probably
look out for you. How dusk it is getting here!
Good-by, child."

She touched her gloved finger-tips to the
girl's cheek, but so gently and lingeringly that
the touch seemed a caress, then walked the
length of the bare corridor and let herself out
into the stormy late afternoon without once
glancing back. Wilma followed after slowly,
her heart swelling and throbbing from that
gentle touch, and stood in the entrance-way
watching the shape growing dim in the dis-
tance. For a moment the rain had almost
ceased, and through a rift in the clouds a gleam
of yellow sunset touched the sere damp earth
and illuminated the upright graceful figure—
for a moment only, and then the glow faded
suddenly as it had come, and the swift dusk
succeeding blotted the retreating shape from
her view.

A dash of mist in her face gave Wilma a
chill, and she drew back into the corridor, but
held aloof from the room where the dying man
lay. Mrs. Gerrit came out presently, taking
her way to her own more particular domain,
and Wilma crept away to her cheerless cham-
ber, feeling the awful silence of the always si-
lent house too oppressive to be borne.

An interval of silence had reigned in the
sick-room, broken only by the heavy respira-
tion of the sufferer. A shaded lamp had been
placed on a stand at the bed's head, and with
his back to it, his face in deep shadow, Dr.

Dallas waited for the end which his practiced
eye detected to be very close. He was watching
as well, those keen light eyes fixed intently up-
on the patient's face, shaded also, but less ob-
served than his own. The short heavy sleep
into which the other had fallen passed sudden-
ly as it had come. The hollow eyes opened
and the gaunt form on the bed raised itself
with a spasmodic effort.

"I must do my work," he said, hoarsely.
"Give me something to keep up my strength
for a moment—only for a moment." The
physician put a draught to his lips, but the ef-
fort to swallow convulsed the old man with a
painful spasm and he pushed it back with a
wild fear coming into his face.

"The little desk there," he whispered, point-
ing, waveringly to the article he wished.
"Quick, bring it!"

It was brought in an instant. His hands
fumbling at his breast brought forth a key sus-
pended on a ribbon from his neck, but his
trembling fingers refused to fit it to the lock.
The doctor's deft ones did, however, but even
then the sharp light eyes scarcely left his pa-
tient's face. A little box within having neither
lock nor key came beneath the fumbling fin-
gers, but he was sinking back, the sustaining
nerve power was almost gone. He realized
this with an agony plainly apparent in the hol-
low, imploring eyes.

"Let me—see it—burn; let me—" he gasped
brokenly. "My God—quick!" Those light,
steady eyes were on him still and the doctor
did not move.

"Is there any thing more to be done?" he
asked. "Be quick if there is."

"Yes—Wilma. Burn the box—Wilma—
guardian!"

"You want to name me as Wilma's guardian
and I am to burn the box. Yes, I see that is
it. Is that all?"

Some unintelligible utterances were checked
by the death-rattle in the throat; the gray
head fell back; a spasm, a groan, and then ut-
ter, eternal stillness of the wasted form.

CHAPTER II.

WAS IT WISE?

BREAKFAST was laid in the morning room of
the Richland mansion—one of those modern
palaces which lift their stately fronts upon
Western avenue in the city of Allegheny. It
was a cheery, ruddy room, small rather than
the opposite, with a polished black sideboard
where silver and crystal threw out cold spar-
kles vieing with other crystal and silver and
delicate porcelain disposed upon the snowy
fine damask which draped the round break-
fast-table.

The table was laid for three, and at precisely
the second the little marble clock upon the
mantel trembled upon the first stroke of nine,
the door turned upon its noiseless hinges to ad-
mit the first of these. A middle-aged man
having a slight tendency toward obesity, with
a ruddy, rather heavy countenance shaven per-
fectly smooth, bright, calculating eyes under
well-arched brows, and brown, short hair
brushed smoothly across his heavy forehead.
An open, honest countenance was this of the
master of the Richland mansion, the face of a
man who carried no phases of his life hidden
out of sight of the world, one whose self-pride
and self-sufficiency were his worst faults.

He stood for a moment rubbing his soft
white hands before the bright blaze glowing in
the grate, for this was the first day of Novem-
ber, and though clear there was a wintry chill
in the air without, and Mr. Richland clung
with the persistency of a fixed affection to
cheery open fires. He took out his watch and
wound it, glancing up at the little clock whose
silvery chime had ceased, and turning to face
the door as he returned it to his pocket. This
was his habitual custom, repeated as often as
nine of the morning came around, and varied
simply through the different seasons and
changes of location. If ever man was rigid in
the observance of regular habits, Mr. Richland
was open to the imputation.

"Three minutes past," he said to himself.
"Mrs. Richland is unusually late this morning.
Ethel never is very punctual—Ah, good-
morning, my dears! I was remarking it that
you are almost behind time for an occasion,
Gertrude."

Two ladies had entered together, and a ser-
vant making an appearance with the coffee, the
little party dropped into their places after an
exchange of the customary greetings. Mrs.
Richland, younger than her husband by a full
decade, was tall, with a slender, graceful shape
and languid carriage which matched the quiet
repose of her striking face. It was an oval
face, the skin marble-white and smooth; eyes,
hair, and lashes, a soft jetty black; the only
break of color in the firm close lips. If any
kindred emotion rivaled Mr. Richland's in-
dividual self-sufficiency it was pride of his
wife's beauty and culture.

The other, a girl of eighteen, was his sister.
Also tall, she lacked half a head of Mrs. Rich-
land's height, and the round supple form may
have been a trifle less perfect in its modula-
tions, yet Ethel Richland's was not a beauty to
pale even by the side of the other matchless
face. Hers was a fair sweet face, framed in
by glittering yellow hair confined loosely this
morning in a wide-meshed net—the blue cash-
mere morning robe she wore bringing out the
exquisite tints of her fine complexion. Some
points of resemblance there were between sister
and brother, but so modified that they lay ra-
ther in the intangible reminder one sometimes
recognizes than in any likeness to be analyzed
or defined. A reigning belle of this season
scarcely yet opened Miss Richland was, no less
so now than when her debut, a year before, had
created a *favor* not often equaled in the high-
est circles where the Richlands moved. Sitting
at his breakfast-table, that bright morning, with
the delicate viands for which he had an epicu-
rean taste before him, with the two lovely con-
trasting faces on either hand, Mr. Richland felt
himself a superlatively contented man.

"And now what may be the newest sensa-

tion?" he asked, as he broke his egg with neat dexterity. "You are generally ready with a budget, Ethel. Is there a new star disputing the horizon with you, or does the reaction begin with the first outgoing of the time?"

"Nothing of the kind, brother. A dearth of news perhaps, since I do not recall an item of late intelligence. There will be plenty with next week and the Latham opening."

"Then, for once, fashionable intelligence is behind the times, or one of the pet votaries has dropped voluntarily into our groove. Who do you suppose is back in town, who, after a year's absence, is prepared to be lionized and favored in the way some of you ladies lavish upon the Beau Brummels of our date? Guess, my dear?"

"Really," Mrs. Richland's delicate brows arched in a vainly reflective way. "There are so many late tourists putting in an appearance just now that I can not even hazard a guess."

"And you, Ethel; what have you to say in defense of intuition and presentiments? You should surely have been warned by one or the other. It is Hetherville, Erle Hetherville, Gertrude, and there have been sly thrusts made at me already, hints of sackcloth and ashes for us, and wedding favors at no great distance. How is it, Ethel? Have you young people been treacherously out of our knowledge of this delicate affaire de cour? Now that is hardly generous when so much of it is due to me."

"I assure you, Howard, this is my first intimation that Mr. Hetherville had returned. Rumor as usual is far too fast. I thought he was not expected until later in the month."

"Youthful impetuosity, I presume."

Mrs. Richland cast a glance of interest across at her young sister-in-law. The fair face opposite might have caught her own usual expression of repose at that moment, so far as from telling the tale she half-expected to read there. Ethel's eyes were upon her plate, her hand idly playing with her china cup. Much or little as Erle Hetherville might be to her, she was equal to meeting the announcement of his return with unmoved complacency.

"You have seen him?" Mrs. Richland asked.

"Unfortunately, no. He called at the bank yesterday, after I had left, it appears. Late last night came his note of apology. He is busy with his agent, with a duty trip out of town before he can report here, but will make his own apology in person on the earliest possible occasion."

"He will be quite an acquisition, a general favorite of a year ago, as you recall. Have you any plans for to-day, Ethel?"

"None, I believe."

"I have been thinking,"—she was addressing her husband again—"if you have no objection, there is a young girl in whom I have taken rather an interest, whose services might be made available in the house. She is an orphan, quite without relatives, I believe."

"Certainly, my dear Gertrude, certainly. You should be assured of my approving any decision of yours, and your generous philanthropy is a credit which I am proud to acknowledge. Any orders of yours I shall be most happy to put into execution."

Fifteen years of wedded life had not tended to make him unobservant of the tender courtesies which too often close with the honeymoon; but society, which ferrets out more of private life than it is always pleasant to find abroad, had long ago tacitly acknowledged that the Richland honeymoon was perennial. Apparently the lady had entertained no doubt of his gracious concurrence.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you. I meant to have remarked that I was not proposing the girl's coming here in the capacity of a servant. She was a ward of Mr. Gregory—Matthew Gregory, lately deceased, who resided some miles out on the old Manchester road."

Ethel, listening with no personal interest in the subject, was surprised at the annoyed, impatient shade sweeping into her brother's face—surprised as well at the doubt and questioning in his eyes as they rested for an instant in sharp scrutiny upon his wife. Her dark orbs met the gaze calmly, and her quiet features were not disturbed by a fluctuation from their habitual repose.

"Very well, Gertrude; do as you think best in every thing, of course. Your judgment is to be trusted, my dear."

It was not often that Mrs. Richland troubled him for an opinion on such a minor point, and his last words seemed spoken as an intimation that the subject dropped there. She was content to let it be so, with the added observation:

"I shall call at your solicitor's during my drive to-day and leave the matter in his hands to be arranged. There may be some legal forms to be observed, though I think not probable. If you care to accompany me, Ethel, you may direct the drive afterward."

Ethel cared sufficiently to signify her acquiescence as they rose from the breakfast-table.

"Will you come into the library, if you are at liberty for a moment?" her brother requested.

"I have a word for your private ear which may as well be said now as at any later time."

She cast a quick, apprehensive glance into his face and hesitated with a half-protest.

"Now, Howard? Will you not be detained?"

"My dear, no; I have fully a half-hour at my disposal. Unless you prefer another time, in which case I can defer to you."

She made a gesture of dissent and followed him, a quiver of nervousness upon her, a certain intuition of what manner of interview his request prefaced.

"I think you must know what there is to be said, Ethel. You know what Erle Hetherville's coming must mean for you. Let me be the first to give you congratulations of the fair prospect which will be speedily yours. I don't know another man to whom I could resign you so willingly."

"But there need be no haste," she protested, faintly. "There is no question of resigning me yet, Howard. I hope you are not wishing to do so soon."

"Only for your own sake. It is my desire and my advice that this marriage which has been in contemplation so long, shall be consummated at the time first named, and that time is nearly here. You are eighteen, Erle is six years your senior, and your betrothal has been of just that length of duration. My courtship occupied just six weeks, and it is by the light of my own experience that I would urge you to flatter away none of the coming years that will be brighter for being shared together."

Holding his head erect, and with the glow of earnestness shining in his honest face, one could comprehend how the man's heart spoke in his words, and what a wealth of peaceful content his own life embraced.

"Erle will come expecting it," he continued after a moment, during which she had not made a reply. "I wanted to urge you to let no coy spirit interfere with whatever proposal he may make. There could be no more perfect fitness of things than is exemplified in the case of you two. I believe if any other union in the world can be blissfully complete as mine has proved, yours will be that one. Young and naturally adapted to each other, no circumstance has been wanting to perfect the mutual attraction, nothing will be lacking to make it complete to the end. One possible flaw which I warrant you two have never considered at all, I shall

take the precaution to avoid. You have nothing in your own right, my dear Ethel, but Hetherville's bride will have a dowry of which she need not be ashamed. There, not a word! It is my privilege to do that much for you, since my little sister was left to fill the place in my heart which must have been a void otherwise. My affection has been fatherly as well as brotherly, I fancy."

"Best and dearest of brothers," she said, softly, her fair face eloquent with love and gratitude. "You would never urge me to any thing which would not forward my happiness, I assure you. You would never ask me to sacrifice that, Howard?"

"I would advise nothing which would not insure it, Ethel. You don't mean, though,"—with a wave of doubt and apprehension struggling into his face—"you surely can't mean—"

"I can't and don't mean to disappoint you if I can avoid it, dear brother. I scarcely know what I do mean, except that I am not quite sure of myself or of Erle. I may become so—who knows?—when I have seen him again."

"I think I may be sure of you," Mr. Richland said, with a fond glance down into the fair, wistful face. "A girl's natural shyness, that is all."

Was it all, oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own way as you may have been, but blinded by your own light of fancied secure content?

A small sketch-portfolio lay upon the table by which Ethel was standing, and she turned the loose leaves absent after he had left her, a far away look in the soft hazel eyes, a closer setting than was habitual to the red lips. One of the leaves fluttered from beneath her hand to the floor. It was the merest outline of a sketch, a masculine head in profile, carefully begun it would appear—a fine, firm outline of feature, bold and clear as seen in even that unfinished penciling. She stooped to raise it after one glance swiftly averted, and, crossing to the hearth, paused there, the bit of paper held loosely in her fingers, undecided and wavering for a moment.

Was it only girlish shyness that caused her to shrink at thought of Erle Hetherville, then? Oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own belief, generous in your own inflexible way, was it wise and generous of you to prevail upon a child's unreasoning assurance and unthinking consent to your mapping out of the most important step of her life? But she had consented, and she was Erle Hetherville's promised wife, and Erle Hetherville was doubtless here to claim the fulfillment of that standing promise. The indecision and the wavering seemed to pass; the paper held so loosely dropped without any apparent effort from her into the grate, where a low fire smoldered.

A few hours later the two ladies settled back amid the azure cushions of a barouche, enjoyed the fresh air and mellow sunshine of the bright fall day.

"Will you wait?" Mrs. Richland asked, as, obedient to her order, the carriage was brought to a stand before the tall building, where the lawyer's office was sandwiched in between numerous other offices of more or less pretentious appearance. "I will be back in five minutes or less, perhaps."

"I shall wait here then, of course. Take your own time, Gertrude."

Ethel could not have told whether it was five minutes merely or five times five that passed before her sister-in-law's return. She had fallen into a reverie with the sounds of the street unheeded about her when Mrs. Richland's voice spoke at her side.

"I was longer than I intended, but I think I shall not need to plead an excuse. I am fortunate in chancing upon an old friend of ours, Miss Richland, there is certainly not a possibility of your having forgotten Mr. Lenoir."

Ethel lifted her eyes with the slightest start, a light of surprise in their hazel depths, a soft glow coming into her cheeks as she saw in the face before her the original of that imperfect sketch which crisscrossed the library coals so few hours ago.

CHAPTER III.

AFTERNOON AT THE RICHLANDS.

"Miss Richland may not have estimated the number of weeks since we clambered over the mountain heights together, but I trust to her leniency to spare me the pain of utter forgetfulness."

"I should be sorry to claim a memory so short-reaching as that, and this meeting is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Lenoir. And you are looking better for those wild scrambles over the rough roads, or is it the time since has lent the improvement of that bronze and health tinge?"

She leaned forward to give him her slim, gloved hand, and a bright smile, which seconded the pleasure she had expressed.

"The entire time, I think; I am only back from the country these past two days. You saw me first in my most spectral gauntness after a hard season of hard work and a siege of fever to follow it. I am my natural self again, thoroughly rejuvenated. To drop self, are you finding it very dull in the semi-unsettled state which prevails until the season is fairly ushered in?"

"We possess that happy faculty of seldom admitting dullness. I think Howard is careful to leave no room in the household for that perverter of all natures."

"To guard still further against the chance, can we not prevail upon you to favor us with your companionship for the rest of the day? We are two lonely females, drifting without aim or object just now, and it will be a pleasure to dispense with formalities by introducing you direct to our place upon Western avenue. You surely can not refuse to return and dine with us, Mr. Lenoir?" Mrs. Richland's invitation was cordially given, but it is to be questioned if Ethel's smile and glance did not weigh most in the scale where his momentary indecision balanced. She almost doubted if it had been indecision he was so positive, despite the unmistakable regret of his response.

"Impossible opportunities are always doubly enticing, I think. This one is too brilliant to be tempted by any dereliction of duty, and you will pardon the necessity which demands my declining your kindness with warmest thanks. I am back to duty again on the editorial staff of one of our dailies; I have cultivated the habit of reading my own proofs, and am satisfied there are some at this moment awaiting my attention. After a season of unwonted pleasuring I must pin close to my post for a time."

"Let us see, then, if we can not effect a compromise between inexorable duty and our brief expectations for the afternoon. Suppose we call for you an hour or two from this? We can drive, meantime, or find other amusement until you are at liberty. When and where shall we call for you, Mr. Lenoir?"

"You are too kind, Mrs. Richland; and the trouble—"

"Please don't attempt to make another objection. Gertrude can be persistent when she likes, and to change the old order of things this once, consider us at your service for a afternoon. It is not like our friend of the mountains to turn disobliging. The trifle of impetuosity was that of the belle who was ac-

customed to have her wish recognized as law, and said plainly as words might have done—"You will come because I wish it." The glance of appeal was all sweet and shy and womanly, irresistible to him as the soft light of those hazel eyes had been to others many and many a time.

"I would be a churl to refuse after such gracious condescension. I am happy to accept, Mrs. Richland, and I will be at liberty within the hour. The editorial rooms are just opposite, the reading room below."

In an hour then. And in the meantime, Ethel, did you mention the Industrial Fair? As well there as anywhere.

The evening rolled on, but there was a misty picture before Lenoir's mind still of a peerless face and soft, appealing eyes, and tiny spirals of bright hair clinging to the temples—a picture which was dissipated as a hand descended by no means lightly upon his shoulder.

"Sky-gazing, Lenoir? More profitable than skylarking perhaps, but not precisely the occupation to suit our chief just now. So you are acquainted with *la belle* Invincible?" It was a reporter from his own office who had addressed him so unceremoniously.

"With whom, Crayton?"

"The Richland, to be sure. She deserves the title if any one does. Circumstances never wove more subtle spells. I wonder if I need to tell you how fatal her reign has been—how doubly fatal, since to fall a victim once is to exemplify the old tale of the moth and the flame; the fascination endures to the end, always a fatal end to the silly moth."

"You need to give me the first evidence that Miss Richland merits the character you have ascribed to her through any willful or intended trifling. It is not so hard to imagine her the worshiped among men and the envied among women."

My dear fellow, are you susceptible to friendly advice? I have a fancy you may need it yet—beware of the flame! You can never be more mistaken in life than in hanging your faith upon outward appearances. She is the greatest coquette, the most heartless flirt, and unmerciful despot of the day, and to have that truthfully averred is to have gained notorious celebrity among the coquettes, flirts and despots of our twin-cities, that I tell you. Better to trust yourself to the tender mercies of sharpers and knaves than to have fallen—"

"Than to have fallen into the unpardonable error of discussing a lady acquaintance in the street—moreover one whose simple acquaintance is an honor conferred on a poor literary hack with sense enough not to presume upon it. It strikes me that these floating 'likes' and 'fancies' from which you have gathered your opinion doubtless, have little or nothing to do with our business, Crayton."

"Mistaken again," the reporter answered, with imperturbable calmness. "Every thing belongs to our business, my boy, even to the private opinions and public appearances of those two fair beings just gone, and all others of the same class. Bless you! Jenkins would be lost without them, which reminds me that our Jenkins has an item in to-day's issue, with a hope of lengthening it indefinitely, and all regarding the invincible Richland. Like says: 'A rumor is afloat that the brave, lucky and handsome Mr. E—H—, lately returned from his stately country home and wide possessions in the very heart of fertile, enticing Maryland, is soon to fulfill the expectations of his friends by blending the matrimonial honors with his otherwise already perfect felicities. The fair lady of his choice has been a favorite since last season, the lovely Miss E—R—, with further reference to her charms and hints of her conquests, *ad infinitum*.'"

"And probably as correct as two-thirds of such notices are nowadays. No wonder the fashionable public has decided them as intolerable nuisances," Lenoir answered, chillingly. Crayton gave him a sharp glance, half-knowing and half-pitying.

"Reserve your detestation of the nuisance for Jenkins then, or better still run in a square or so in sympathetic condolence with the injured public. That wouldn't be consistent perhaps, but effective certainly from the pen of Justin Lenoir. Trust Jenkins in his harmless rage to make a good deal of little, but never give me the cold shoulder on his account, my dear fellow."

They had walked slowly side by side across the square and ascended the steps leading to the editorial rooms. Crayton turned in one direction as he spoke, and Lenoir passed through to his own desk. Somehow all the brightness and misty glory of the day had passed away from him. There was a painful contraction in his forehead—a broad, intellectual forehead it was, his features firm and fine, the rather thin, dark face full of nervous power and energy. Though his eyes were fixed upon the proofs of his own articles awaiting him, it was a moment before he recalled his thoughts to his task.

"Is she all the world says of her?" he was thinking. "Whether or no, why should it be any thing to me? Have I forgotten myself so far as to have need of Crayton's warning? I have had the warning at any rate and it remains for me to profit by it." And there Justin Lenoir turned to his work with a will that for the time left him too absorbed to admit perplexities.

There was only the softest rosy glow lingering in the Richland parlor. The light filtered over the two forms drawn close to one of the west windows, talking in softened tones together, and watching the glitter of a little gilded cross surmounting the spire of a small gray chapel, all but the dome of which lay in the shadow. Mrs. Richland had withdrawn for a moment. Her husband had not made his appearance yet, and the cook had remarked twice to William Thompson, the footman, that in ten years she had served in the family no three dinners had spoiled through waiting for the master.

The two left in the parlor together had felt the embarrassment of that constrained silence which may drop for an instant upon the most self-possessed belle of the season, the most brilliant and promising young journalist of the times; a silence which Ethel broke by rising and crossing to her present position.

"I am sure you will agree with me in thinking it a pity to ruin the effect of this lingering sunset by ordering lights for a few moments yet. The peaceful quiet of this time and the tinted atmosphere always remind me of the 'dim religious light,' as I saw it once streaming through painted windows over kneeling forms in St. Paul's. I was a very little child, but I think I shall never forget the strains of soft distant music swelling and rising in a grand pean, or the vivid solemnity of the chaf-ringing from column to column and echoing through the vast space. The music of our own churches has never seemed so complete."

He joined her, speaking of the various cathedrals of the world, their architecture and adornment, and remarking how impossible it is to point out the fine line of demarcation which separates the perfection of sensuous delights of eye and ear from the enthusiastic fervor of the spirit service in religious devotees.

Listening to his rich, low voice, her earnest eyes looking out to the golden sparkle of the little cross, perhaps that same doubt of herself

to which she had given imperfect utterance that very morning, stirred again in her breast. She did not hear the opening door—they were all orderly, unceremonious doors in the Richland mansion—nor the double footfall on the thick velvet pile, heard nothing until her brother's voice broke suddenly audible at her back.

"Ethel, are you too absorbed to welcome another friend, an unexpected friend, and I assure you I had trouble enough to secure him, unflattering as the fact may seem to you?"

Ethel turned, and at the same instant the gasoliers were set ablaze with the full glare shining down upon the little group.

Another gentleman who had entered with Mr. Richland stood there; a handsome, blonde face looked down from his superior height upon her, a pair of bold, laughing blue eyes seemed to be finding amusement in the unconscious guilty look springing into hers.

"Miss Richland will believe me that the difficulty was not of my making. If she could know how I have sacrificed my impatient inclinations to the rigid consultation of an exact conscience she would applaud rather than reprove."

"With the support of that approving conscience you did quite properly to consult your own convenience, Mr. Hetherville. Nevertheless I am glad that the opportunity of giving you greeting has not been indefinitely postponed, as we were led to expect. And here is Gertrude ready to add her more weighty assurance to mine."

"First let me present Mr. Lenoir, Mr. Hetherville. According to all rules of contrast you two ought to be excellent friends."

Two minutes afterward Ethel went out to dinner on the arm of this tall, blonde young man, this scion of the old school of aristocracy whose family possessions, coming down through five generations, were seized by voracious junks in furnishing substance for those items of morbid interest which feed the minds of the society, about which the cries widen and widen until they are lost at last in the vulgar current of the masses.

"A frightfully demoralized scion, I'm afraid," Mr. Erle Hetherville was accustomed to say in his cheery, off-hand fashion. "I find the family dignity a burden too mighty to be borne by these tender and inexperienced shoulders"—giving said shoulders a whimsical shrug, and looking in his six feet of well-developed manhood fully equal to the bearing of a burden of far greater reality than the old family dignity he laughingly deplored.

The gentlemen were still at table after the ladies had left them, when a card was brought to Mrs. Richland. She had sunk back in an easy chair, and with a languid glance at the name looked across at her sister-in-law.

"Have you any objection to my seeing him here, Ethel? The person is a stranger to me, a professional gentleman, Dr.—ah! Dr. Craven Dallas—with a reference to the card."

"No objection whatever, Gertrude. I was about to excuse myself in case it was a private interview desired."

Don't think of going, my dear. These strange callers are very apt to turn out bores, and I have a presentiment that this one will prove such."

The visitor bowed himself in, a tall, thin man, very sallow, with sparse sandy hair and keen, light gray eyes which swept the entire surface of his observation at a glance, and fixed themselves with peculiar intensity upon Mrs. Richland's face.

She glanced up without rising.

"Will you be seated, Dr. Dallas?"—with a wave of her hand, indicating a chair—"and pardon me for reverting at once to the object of your visit. I am at liberty only for a brief time."

"It is in reference to a communication I received from your solicitor, *meine*, when I chanced to drop in upon him this afternoon. I am guardian to the young girl, Wilma Wilde."

"Her guardian? I understood she had been left without a guardian."

The keen, light eyes glanced guardedly toward Ethel, but wandered back to their subtle inspection of Mrs. Richland's quietly unconscious attitude, of the slightly weary face so perfect in its repose, the white hands lying idly in her lap, the soft, dark orbs finding so little interest her about him that they simply turned their languid surprise upon him and went back to the space before her.

"I was appointed her guardian after the late Matthew Gregory. I am most anxious to acquire myself of the trust in a manner to satisfy my own perceptions of right and to meet the confidence reposed in me by my old friend."

"Am I to understand then that you object to my proposal regarding the girl?" The soft, black eyes met his fully for the first, the listlessness was stirred by a little faint bewilderment rather than any disappointed expression.

"I am not sure that I object, Mrs. Richland; in fact it might not be wise for me to object. I hope I do not appear too zealous in assuring myself that this is the best advantage offering to Wilma before I can give my consent. I am a bachelor, maintaining a bachelor's primitive establishment, and it is quite out of the question that I should receive her there. I have been thinking that the child may need schooling; she has not had many opportunities, poor thing! along with my friend who grew misanthropic toward the last. She has nothing at all, as Mr. Gregory, against my wishes I assure you, willed his little property to me; but no pecuniary trifle should stand between me and her best welfare."

"You are very considerate," said the lady, quietly. "I explained to my lawyer that my intention was to give the girl all ordinary reasonable advantages. She will occupy no stated position in the household, though I shall expect her to hold herself in obedience to my own and Miss Richland's wishes. The solicitor, who is fully instructed I have no doubt, can give you any satisfaction you require. You may like to think further of the matter, in which case you can report your decision to him. Of course I should assume all expense in receiving her."

"I could not consent to relinquish my guardianship or occasional communication with my ward. Assured of those points, I am quite willing that Wilma shall be received into your household—quite positive that a lady of Mrs. Richland's generosity and kindness will be nothing which is not considerate toward the friendless orphan."

"For the time, upon those or any terms, I became interested through hearing of her utter desolation, perhaps I mentioned. Should the first arrangement prove unsatisfactory in any point, the freedom of retreating from it may be wisely accorded. That is sufficient, I hope."

"All-sufficient, my dear madame. And, by-the-by"—with another glance toward Ethel, simply unobservant of them, as he rose to go—"I believe you visited my friend when he was too low to be intelligibly consulted on any matter. He was entrusted with considerable independent business at one time, and his papers have all reverted to me. If any point was left unsettled I may be able to attend to it."

"You are mistaken," Mrs. Richland answered, her dark eyes opening in cool surprise. "Some other visitor, perhaps. I had not the

pleasure of any dealing with the late Mr. Gregory."

"Ah—strange! Let me beg that you will pardon the mistake." With a few more words Dr. Craven Dallas bowed himself out, and Mrs. Richland turned her quiet face toward her sister-in-law.

"You are something of a physiognomist, I believe, my dear. What is your opinion of that man?"

Ethel gave an expressive little shudder.

"He is a person I never could tolerate with any degree of composure, I fancy. He looks to have the inclination of a sycophant; he is cunning and insincere, I am sure."

"My impression of him was almost the same," Gertrude said, slowly. To herself she added—"It was like coming into contact with the slimy coil of a serpent."

(To be continued.)

NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY; OR, The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA OWL," "THE BLACK RIDER," "DEATH-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SACK OF BAKU.

The commandant of the little village of Baku was sitting at supper with Captain Ivanhoff, of the guard-battalion, and several other cronies; and all were pretty well "set up" with vodka or Russian brandy, when there was a tap at the door.

"Come in, in the name of the czar, whoever you be," said the commandant, with drunken solemnity; "but cut your report short, for we're engaged on important business."

Then the door opened, and an orderly appeared.

"Please, colonel, the officer of the day presents his duty, and has important intelligence to communicate."

"The officer of the day is always finding mare's nests," said the colonel, irritably. "Why doesn't he come to report himself?"

"Please, colonel, he is doubting the sentries."

"Doubting the sentries! What for?" asked the commandant, lazily. "Ah, I know. This Stroganoff is a young fellow, fresh from the Academy at Moscow, and he scares easily. Send him to me, orderly."

The orderly disappeared, and the colonel remarked to Ivanhoff:

"You don't know what trouble I have with these young officers when they join. Every bush they see on the mountain seems to them to be a Circassian, waiting to devour them. Young Count Stroganoff has got frightened at some peasant's story, and he thinks that Schamyl and all his warriors are coming down on us. Well, well, I shall not budge for them. Baku has stood one siege already, and is ready to stand another. Fill up your glass. His majesty's health."

The two officers were embracing each other with tipsy fervor, when a second tap, smart and loud, roused them.

"Come in, Stroganoff," said the commandant; and into the room clattered a tall, slender young officer, whose laughing, high-bred air told the fact that his social rank was far above that of his vulgar commandant. He touched his cap slightly, and began:

"Colonel, the Circassians are round us, and will attack us inside of an hour. Will you authorize me to beat the alarm?"

"Poh! poh, my dear count," said the colonel, jestingly. "There's no Circassian, except a few shepherd boys, for twenty miles. Did not the patrol come in at sunset, and report the mountain empty? You alarm yourself unnecessarily, count."

Count Stroganoff made an impatient motion. "Colonel," he said, angrily, "you don't know what I do. Captain Ivanhoff sent a prisoner to Tiflis this evening under escort of four Cossacks. One of them has just come in, with a ball in his arm, to report the party killed, the prisoner taken, and himself clashed up to the very gate by the enemy. Now, sir, will you take the responsibility of illness after that?" This solved one of the party, Captain Ivanhoff, who jumped up and demanded:

"What, my prisoner gone! Gracious saints, colonel, we shall all be cashiered! She was an important capture. Why didn't you send a stronger party? Oh, why did I ever see this day?"

"Had you sent her in here you would have been safe," said Count Stroganoff, harshly. "Who but an idiot would have sent her off by night through these mountains with such a small escort? But we waste time, gentlemen. The prisoner is gone. Colonel, do you wish the garrison to be murdered in their beds, or shall I order the long roll?"

Count Stroganoff was a privileged character on account of his rank, or he would never have dared to address his commander in the tone he used. The colonel looked confused and scared as he said:

"Certainly, count, do as you think best. I hardly think—"

At the instant he was interrupted by an appalling shout and a sudden volley of musketry outside, followed by the cries and shots, telling of a sudden conflict, and the deep booming of the huge Circassian war-drums.

"Now you'll believe me," cried the young count, excitedly; and he rushed outside in desperate haste, leaving the commandant to stagger to the door.

Outside all was pitch dark, and the noise and confusion were fearful. The flashes of musketry within the fortifications revealed the fact that the enemy had effected an entrance; and soon came a rush of panic-stricken soldiers, fleeing from their quarters in wild disorder, and followed by swarms of lithe, active mountaineers, cutting and slashing with their razor-like blades, and shouting the savage war-cry of Mohammed and Schamyl.

The surprise was complete, the resistance feeble. Stroganoff himself rallied a few men with arms, and strove desperately to stem the current of disaster, but in a moment more the great gate of the post was thrown wide open, and a crowd of glittering horsemen rode in, bearing torches, and headed, on a black horse of singular beauty, by a chief, whose flowing beard and green robes announced him to be the great prophet and leader, SCHAMYL.

Then, as the torches blazed up, Stroganoff saw that he was alone with his little group, and that the whole parade was swarming with enemies.

The dark-bearded prophet directed the assault, and down came a knot of horsemen on the Russian remnant, yelling like devils, firing pistols and brandishing sabers. The young officer fired his last pistol shot at the enemy, and the next moment was ridden down and trampled under foot, his men exterminated, and himself battered and bruised into insensibility by the rush of the horsemen.

"Forward, in the name of Allah!" cried the clear, sonorous voice of Schamyl. "Slay the common folk and take the chiefs!"

And well was that order obeyed by his

daring followers, who swept all resistance away like cobwebs, and avenged in that hour many a cruelty inflicted by Russian hands.

In ten minutes more all was quiet, the last soldier slain, and the houses and barracks fired. A huddled crowd of helpless women and children, with a few men whose uniform told that they were officers, were gathered on the parade, surrounded by enemies, and awaiting the sentence of the Circassian leader.

The prophet rode forward, a short, square man, of great apparent strength, a green robe and a turban shading his glittering mail, and called out:

"Let the chief of the Muscovite dogs be sent to my own stronghold, to be kept for exchange with my own people. Let the women and children be coupled together and sold for slaves. I have spoken. Return to your mountains, children of Allah."

He was about turning away, when the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a horseman rode in at full speed and threw his horse on its haunches before Schamyl.

"Great prophet," he said, "the outlying party on the Tiflis road has captured an infidel woman of surpassing beauty, and they report a heavy column of the enemy coming from Tiflis, with a General's flag."

"Send the prisoners away by the passes to the secret ravine," said Schamyl, eagerly. "We will try conclusions with this column in the woods. Hamet Bey, take charge of the prisoners. I myself will head the rest."

The girl known as Anna Bronk sat patiently in a corner of the tarantass, where her captors had left her, when they found what sort of a prisoner they had taken. The vehicle had been drawn off the road and ensconced in a thicket. It was pitch dark, and she was apparently unguarded. Not a sound struck the ear since her captors had left her there, and she had heard the vanishing echoes of horse-hoofs.

"Why should I not try it?" she suddenly said to herself, as she found herself undisturbed.

As the thought struck her, she sprang up and out of the carriage, and stole off through the woods. She knew not whether she was going, only she had a vague idea that she was leaving the coast, and approaching the Turkish frontier. Toward that she had been endeavoring to come over since her escape, and toward that she felt she was going now. She had lost sight of the tarantass, and was beginning to flatter herself she was clear, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a stern voice demanded:

"Daughter of the Muscovite, whither would you go? Do you think that the warriors of Schamyl are blind and deaf? Your friends are coming on yonder road, and the prophet is ready to destroy them."

The girl exhibited no symptoms of surprise or alarm, as she answered, speaking his own language:

"Why call you me daughter of the Muscovite? I was their prisoner, and you have rescued me. Where are the dogs coming?"

"Up the road from Tiflis," said the Circassian, unguardedly. "But how is it that you come to be a prisoner with them, beautiful damsel? I know you must be beautiful, from your voice."

"Never mind how I came there," said the girl, hurriedly; "but tell me, what will your people do with me, now they have got me?" "You will be set apart for the prophet's harem," said the other, "as the loveliest maidens always are. Were you a true believer, he might even make you his wife. As for us poor warriors, we that have only a horse and arms must be content with a mountain-maid."

The girl pressed close to the warrior in the darkness.

"Suppose that you were to carry me off," she said, quietly; "how much could you sell me to the Turks for?"

The warrior started, and ejaculated: "Staffer Allah, it is impossible—and yet—a hundred thousand piastres would be cheap for such as you."

She placed one arm in his caressingly.

"The night is dark and the Circassian is brave," she said. "His horse would carry us out of Schamyl's reach in an hour, would it not?"

"It would," said the other, trembling with excitement. His soul was full of romance and chivalry, like all his race, and he felt all on fire at the moment.

"Listen," said the girl, in a whisper: "you are poor, and you would be rich. You have nothing but horse and arms, and Schamyl is rich. Be brave, and you too may be rich. Mount your horse, and take me behind you, and ride to Tiflis."

"Impossible," said the other; "our scouts are watching the road now for the Muscovites, and if we passed the one, we should run into the other."

"Tell me your name," said the girl, suddenly. "I am Hafiz, the son of Abdallah," said the warrior, proudly.

"I will remember that Hafiz, the son of Abdallah, is a coward," she said, turning away. "He dares not venture his neck for a maiden's love. Farewell, Hafiz."

She spoke with utter scorn, and Hafiz cried out:

"Fairer maiden, I would risk perdition for thee. I will help thee away. Let the prophet go hang."

For answer the girl threw her arms round his neck, gratefully, in the true Circassian fashion.

"Thou art my own brave Hafiz," she whispered, softly, into his ear. "And now lead on."

"Follow me, beautiful maiden," whispered Hafiz, and he stole off among the trees in cautious silence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

In a short time they emerged upon the dark, narrow road in which the tarantass had been seized, and the false vedette spoke, in a low tone:

"I am the only outpost on this part of the road, but the woods are full of men in ambush a little further on. They expect the enemy in half an hour, from the reports of the scouts. My horse is here."

And he went to a tree, and led out a splendidly-carapanned horse, on whose housings the gold lace glittered, even in the faint starlight.

"Behold Alkader—the strong one—my princess," he said. "He will outpace any steed on the mountains, and gallop from dawn to dark; and with him will I bear away my princess, my white rose, to the sweet waters of Scutari."

"Which way shall we go then?" asked the girl, hesitatingly, "if we can not pass by this road."

"We will take the mountain paths to Kars and Erwan, that only I know," said Hafiz, "and ere morning we shall sleep in peace in my own cot on the mountain."

"Nay, nay," said the girl, hastily. "I said not so. You promised to take me to Kars, not to keep me in the mountains."

"Only mount Alkader, sweet princess, and all shall be well," said Hafiz, evasively. "Time flies."

"Tell me one thing," she said, "and I will: Would your people in ambush fire at a rider galloping from this way toward the enemy?"

"Perhaps not," said Hafiz. "They would take him for a scout sent by the prophet."

"Then help me to mount," said she, and stepped lightly on the warrior's hand, with the same remarkable agility that she had displayed before in accepting Captain Blank's offer.

Just as Hafiz was preparing to mount before her, the sound of a distant bugle startled both.

"What is that, Hafiz? Listen!" she said, earnestly.

"The Muscovite trumpet," said the warrior, coolly.

"Ay, but how far off are they? Place your ear to the ground and listen. So! Alkader."

The spirited horse tossed his head at the sound of the bugle, and began to fidget. Just as Hafiz, in obedience to his lady's wish, stooped down to the ground, the girl shifted her seat into the saddle itself, and took up the reins.

"The enemy are not a mile off," said Hafiz, listening. "We shall be able to escape during the fighting without being noticed."

"Perhaps," said the girl, in a tone of scorn. "Meanwhile, farewell."

And before the astounded Hafiz could realize the trick she had played him, the quick-witted girl shook the rein, and was off at full speed down the narrow road toward the Russians, throwing back a taunting laugh as she went.

Hafiz had consented to fly with her, inspired by love and romance. His duty to the prophet neglected was as nothing with him to the *ecarté* he would gain among the heroes of the Caucasus, by carrying off a beautiful maiden to the mountains in the teeth of all danger.

The girl herself had enticed him to desert his post, and had fooled and deceived him. He was disgraced forever, unless he could repair the blunder. Mad with rage, he leveled his rifle and fired, and for all his answer heard the hoofs of Alkader speeding faster.

Meanwhile the fugitive girl herself galloped down the road past the silent woods in safety. The lurking enemies that were ensconced there did not stir, as the rapid tramp of the flying steed passed by them; and at last the girl emerged from the woods and saw before her an open stretch of comparatively level road, on which a faint light shone from the sky.

A dark moving mass loomed up in the distance, emerging from a gap in the mountains; and the dull rumble of hoofs and wheels announced that the Russian column was coming unsuspectingly on. Then the fugitive, who seemed to be hunted of all men, by Russian and Circassian alike, never hesitated, but, urging Alkader with rein and voice, flew straight toward her enemies, the Russians.

In a moment more she was close to a group of horsemen in advance; and the loud command, "Halt!" was followed ere she could obey it, by the reports of three carbines, the bullets whistling past her ears in dreadfully close proximity.

The fugitive pulled up her horse just in time to escape a pistol-shot, and a grim, bearded Cossack crossed seized her rein, crying:

"Whither so fast, friend? Do you expect to pass Potopoff on duty? Eh, holy St. Nicholas! 'Tis a woman!"

"Where is your commandant?" panted the girl, eagerly. "I would see him at once. Schamyl is in yonder woods, lying in wait for your men; and he has taken Baku to-night."

"Say you so?" said old Potopoff, shrewdly, for it was that same redoubtable sergeant who had been ordered to the Caucasus. Then he must send you back to the General. No, there is no need of it. Here comes a staff-officer."

And, in effect, at that moment up galloped an officer, who put the inquiry:

"What's the matter, sergeant? Who fired those shots?"

"I fired one, honored captain, and here is a woman who has escaped from the Circassians. She says that Schamyl is waiting for us in yonder woods, and has taken Baku."

The officer rode up to the girl and peered into her face in the darkness.

"Who are you?" he asked.

The girl started. She knew the voice of Captain Blank.

"I am she you saved at Perofsky," she said, in a low voice. "I told you Russia should not repent it. Schamyl has taken Baku, and waits for you in yonder woods. You are warned. Now, in God's name, let me go."

The officer reached out his hand and pressed hers.

"I do not understand you," he said; "but I believe you are true to Russia. You shall depart in peace. Take this paper, and when you need to pass our lines, show it. Some will understand, some will not, but it will reach me, and I will save you. Now tell me, where are the enemy?"

She pointed to the dark woods.

"There, flanking the road."

"Enough," he said. "Now farewell."

The girl galloped past the column halted in the road without further molestation, and as she turned into a side ravine, she heard the reports of artillery, which told that the Russians were shelling the woods from the open valley, under the guidance of that omnipresent and mysterious Captain Blank.

CHAPTER X.

MUSTAPHA BEY'S SLAVE.

MUSTAPHA BEY, Governor of Kars, sat upon the square, cushioned divan of his chamber of justice, smoking the pipe of peace, and thanking God that his day's troubles were over. The worthy Bey had been deciding innumerable petty disputes, about cows and goats, between contending peasants; he had been bothered with complaints of robberies on the part of his new Basil Bozouks, raised to defend the province against the expected invasions of the Russians; and altogether he was tired out with the wrangling, and only anxious to be left alone.

The Bey was also much troubled in spirit about certain grave complaints that he heard had been sent about him to the Sultan. He had allowed the troops too much license, and the consequences promised to be serious, unless he could contrive some way to appease the powers at Stamboul.

To him, gravely smoking and ruminating, suddenly entered his pipe-bearer, salaaming profoundly, who then stood before him in silence, with crossed arms.

The Bey smoked on for some minutes without speaking. At last he raised his head and looked the pipe-bearer in the face.

"Well, Ali, what would you?"

"So please my lord," said Ali, bowing, "the Tartar slave-merchant, Yussuff, is without, and craves leave to see your highness."

"What wants the son of a burnt father?" asked the Bey, irritably. "Did I not tell him never to enter Kars again? He sold me a girl that he swore was as gentle as a lamb, and she turned out as wild as a child of Shetan, and has kept my house in the torments of Jahannam ever since. Tell Yussuff to pack."

Ali stood his ground and urged hesitatingly.

"The merchant says that he has brought your highness a girl-slave fit to enter the harem of the Sultan himself. He earnestly desires that you would see her, as he only wishes permission to take her to Stamboul, if your highness does not like her."

The old Bey considered a moment.

"The dog has taste," he muttered. "That child of the evil one, Ayesha, was a beauty. Who knows? This may be a splendid present for the Sultan, and I need not keep her myself."

He ruminated over his pipe in his slow, Oriental fashion, and finally spoke.

"Bismillah! In the name of Allah admit the dog."

Ali, whose palm had been previously greased by the slave-merchant, which partly accounted for his unusual boldness, stepped out, and presently returned with a dark squat-looking Tartar, with a leering, sly face.

This man was magnificently dressed in the old Turkish fashion, and his green turban announced him to be a Hadji, one who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. He advanced to the foot of the divan, and prostrated himself with the utmost respect, kissing the ground three times, and saying:

"Oh, great my lord Bey, like the sight of water in the desert is the sight of your highness, whose smile is like that of the angel of life! Poor Hadji Yussuff has brought for your highness a pearl without price, a jewel fit for the seraglio of the Padishah himself, and he has picked her up so cheap that he can afford to let your highness have her for a few thousand piasters, the mere price of a common black house-slave."

Mustapha Bey gravely motioned the other to stand before him, and smoked silently for some minutes before he said:

"Hadji Yussuff, may the grave of your mother be defiled, and may dogs howl over your father's bones! You cheated me in your last bargain; and by Allah, that Ayesha has brought more trouble into the house than a whole legion of devils! She has spit on my beard, and picked up knives to assault my mistress. She has the temper of Eblis himself! Whose dog are you to come into my presence after such a deed?"

Hadji Yussuff waved his hand deprecatingly, and protested:

"Good my lord, how can you suspect your slave of an intention to deceive you? The girl Ayesha was quiet enough with me, and never dared to show temper. If your highness should order her a dose of the stick daily, I warrant me she would soon be quiet. If your highness does not like her, I will even take her back."

The Bey's eyes glittered, and he uttered a sigh of relief as he asked:

"Will you really, Ah, Yussuff, that is well said; and now for your new girl. Where is she, and how did you get her?"

"To please your highness, she is one of those Russians who was found among the mountains by a Circassian chief, having lost her way, and was brought down to the plains with a number of Circassian and Georgian girls, where I bought her."

"Is she beautiful?" asked the Bey.

Yussuff spread his hands in ecstasy.

"A perfect Hour, my lord, with hair like a flowing river, and eyes like two dark pools of water. She is shaped like a gazelle, and can dance like a *ghazal* (professional dancer)."

"What sort of a temper has she?" demanded the Bey, cautiously. "I want no more Ayeshas, you know."

"Your highness shall see her before buying her," said Yussuff, with a wave of his hand, implying great things. "Have I your leave to introduce her?"

The Governor nodded and turned to Ali, who had been standing by, waiting for orders.

"Bring the woman in, and clear the men out of the ante-room. Go."

Ali escorted Hadji Yussuff from the room, and the Governor, on the divan, soliloquized:

"This may be a good thing if I can trade off Ayesha, and get this beauty to send to the Sultan. True, the girl cost me a hundred thousand piasters; but she will be cheap if he buys off this mob of complaining people at Stamboul. Allah Kerim!"

The old Bey sat ruminating over his project till Ali re-entered the room, escorting Yussuff, the slave-merchant, and a valied female figure, shrouded from head to foot in white drapery.

In spite of the disfiguring disguise, there was a certain nameless air of grace and refinement about the figure that riveted attention and excited curiosity. A very diminutive foot, in a tiny red slipper, that peeped out from under the folds of the drapery, assisted to confirm the favorable impression made by the mysterious girl; and the old Bey involuntarily took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked longingly at the figure. Then he turned angrily to Ali and growled:

"Pack, begone, son of a burnt father! Who wanted your black face and yellow eyes in the presence of Paradise? Go!"

Ali vanished, and the slave-merchant advanced with his silent charge to the foot of the divan.

"Now your highness shall see," he said, "whether I was not right when I promised you a perfect Hour, my lord."

As he spoke he whisked off the white veil, and revealed to the enraptured gaze of Mustapha Bey the loveliest maiden he had ever seen.

"Allah akbar! God is Great!" exclaimed the old Turk, licking his thick lips at the sight and leering affectionately at the new slave, "she is indeed a Hour!"

The girl so theatrically discovered was slender, graceful and rounded in shape, with long plaits of glistening black hair, and eyes like mountain lakes, deep, dark and clear. She was richly dressed in the Circassian fashion, and stood calmly before the Bey, looking at him with a haughty grace such as a princess might have used to a slave. Mustapha Bey dropped his pipe, and exclaimed:

"Allah Kerim! she is fit for the Sultan! Quick, Hadji, quick! name your terms, and you shall have Ayesha to boot. Wallah! she would seduce the prophet himself. What is her name?"

"Her name is Leila," said Hadji Yussuff. "Her price is, Ayesha, and a hundred thousand piasters."

"You shall have both," exclaimed Mustapha Bey. "Can she speak Turkish?"

The girl herself answered, quietly:

"If my lord will send me to Stamboul, I can. If he keep me here, he will find me worse than Ayesha."

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOLDEN HORN.

The sun was setting over the waters of the Golden Horn, and the city of Constantinople basked in its light like a city of fairyland. The long stretches of white wall that rose from the dark-blue waters were crowded with guns, and above them rose the seven hills of Stamboul, the slender minarets of the mosques shooting up like needles around the great gilded domes, set off by dark-green foliage below, white palace and kiosks, minaret and dome, alike combined in a picture of entrancing Eastern beauty.

The Golden Horn was crowded with shipping, English and French men-of-war lay at anchor, alongside of others from which floated the Crescent flag of the Porte. Man-of-war boats pulled here and there, among the graceful

foliaceous with their tall, triangular lateen sails; and light caïques,* like Indian canoes, shot to and fro among the other craft with marvelous swiftness.

On the soft evening breeze floated the cry of the muezzin from the minarets, calling the True Believers to prayer, with a long, sonorous chant, far sweeter than the clang of church bells.

The coffee-houses on the quay were crowded with English and French soldiers, on the way to their regiments, and the plodding Turks of Stamboul gazed with awe and astonishment on these barbarians, whose actions were so different to what they had been accustomed.

Here you might see a curious group outside of the principal coffee-house on the quay, consisting of four men, about as opposite in their demeanor as their nationalities. There was a stolid, heavy English guardsman, a piper of the Black Watch, a private of the Connaught Rangers, better known as the "Blackguard 88th," and finally a corporal of Zouaves with a black beard. All four of these gentlemen were in that state of drink in which national character comes out to the surface in the strongest light, and all four were consequently types of their races.

The guardsman was boozey and stolid, with an imperturbable gravity of demeanor that no joke could shake; the Scotsman was dry and sententious in his remarks, with a cunning twinkle in the corner of his gray eye; Paddy Carroll was quaint, witty, and quarrelsome; and Corporal Pichot was singing the Marseillaise with patriotic fervor, alternating the verses with remarks on the order of a Frenchman's love for wine and women.

"Arrah, corpal, but that's foine," exclaimed Mr. Carroll, admiringly, as Pichot concluded with—

*Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.*

The corporal of Zouaves burred his r's in the most ferocious manner, and foamed at the mouth with savage fervor, as he shouted the end of his song; and then enthusiastically embraced Paddy Carroll, crying:

"My brother in arms, my brave Ecossais, how I love thee! Ah, but our nations have been *separe* so long, so long, and mon Dieu, together we can *vip* all de world! To my arms, brave comrade!"

"Be jabers, thin Frinch is curious cr'atures," said Paddy Carroll, reflectively, as he lighted his duceen with quick, short puffs. "Arrah, Higgs, corpal, do ye ever see a man hug another man like that afore? Banorra, the piper's a hairy old cr'ature to be huggin' like a gal. Look at that now!"

The grim piper shoved the enthusiastic Zouave away with some difficulty and ejaculated:

"Hoot, mon, what the de'il ails ye? Can ye no sut quiet and drink yer whusky like a sowsy chiel as ye are, but ye maun be ravin' like a play-actor? Hoot awa'!"

"Arrah, corpal, corpal, look this away wunest, and be jabers, ye'll never want to hug a hairy old Scot again," Paddy Carroll exclaimed.

Paddy Carroll, pointing to the landing steps off the quay, closed to where they were. The Zouave turned, with mercurial quickness of mood, to see what the other meant, and beheld a large four-oared caïque, with the flag of the Sultan's seraglio at the stern, debarking at the steps a group of Turkish women, under the guardianship of two black slaves in the Sultan's uniform, with naked scimitars.

"Oh, *ciel*!" cried the corporal, as the closely-muffled figures on the steps congregated together, looking much like bundles of clothes going to the wash; "who would think that such hideous disguises covered the beauties of Circassia? Mon Dieu, if one could only see their faces."

"And that's nae sic an easy thing," said Paddy Carroll, slowly, rising as he spoke, and bringing his pipes to the front; "but gin ye like, Maister Peesho, I'll get ye a sight o' them in a meenit."

"And how's that?" asked Carroll, innocently; "whin'tis ag'in' the orders to disturb thin lazy devils o' Turks or their wummin'?"

"Patrick, lad, there's nae weav' o' killin' a dog than skinning him alive," said Paddy Carroll, dryly; "ye dinna ken, I suppose, wha Orpheus was."

"Orfis! Orfis!" repeated Carroll. "Bedad, I know an officer named Captain O'Toole, but nothin' nearer."

"Aweel, then, I'll tell ye," said the piper, with a grunt; "Orpheus was a H'land gentleman that played the pipes before the king of Scotland, twenty thousand years before Columbus discovered Ireland, when the Black Watch was his majesty's body-guard."

Here he put the pipe into his mouth and began to blow up the bag; and Carroll interjected:

"Howly Patrick! he must have been the piper that played before Moses, bedad."

Corporal Pichot had resumed his seat, and was gazing intently at the bery of approaching women with all the impudent curiosity of a French Zouave. McPherson calmly continued his narration, while Tom Higgs, the British guardsman, sat ruminating, like an ox chewing the cud.

"Orpheus was a famous piper," said the Scot; "and they tell that he could gar the trees and stones to dance like human bodies. Aweel, lad, there was never a McPherson yet that couldna mak' a mon dance gin he jected, and I mind that these Turkey bodies are a'maist crazy when they hear a skirl o' the pibroch; sae, we'll see if we can na get them at it noo. Hoigh! laddies, spring titt'!"

As he spoke, he pressed the bag of the pibroch, already filled with wind, and the instrument uttered a fearful squeal, which instantly attracted the attention of every Turk within hearing. Like all barbarians, noise is the element that best pleases the Turks. Drums and cymbals are their favorites at home, and the skreigh of the bag-pipe came to most of them as an unimagined height of delight. The first loud bary brought a crowd, running—a marvel in lazy Stamboul—and when the piper put on the buzzing drone, and started a maunding discursive treble above it, all eyes were fixed on him, all ears open. Gray-headed old men and ragged little boys came running out of every alley to hear the wild Frankish music, and fat bundles of clothes called women, all muffled up, so as only to show the eyes, waddled out by dozens, blocking up the quay in front, and completely impeding the further progress of the party of women that had just landed from the caïque, under the charge of the black slaves. Indeed, the two latter had halted themselves, spellbound by the strange music, showing their white teeth from ear to ear with delight, and entirely forgetting their charges.

For over a minute McPherson continued to wabble up and down the gamut without any particular tune, the shriller squeals of his instrument eliciting cries of delight, while the enthusiasm of his numerous audience was slowly rising.

Then at last he started the long, throbbing bass of the drone for several bars without variation, and gradually warmed into the irresistibly inspiring strains of the famous "Tulloch-gorum."

As the regular pulsating drone of the bass gradually quickened and became mingled with the rollicking treble, Paddy Carroll first caught the infection and leaped to his feet, where he stood, as stiff as a post, listening with painful intensity to the progress of the air. Then, as it swelled up higher and louder, every note full of mirth, the Irishman uttered a tremendous howl, dashed his shako on the ground, and leaped up in the air.

"Holy Moses, give me a shillelagh," he yelled, "till I show the devils how to foot it!"

And, falling a shillelagh, the wild Connaught man snatched the long clubbique from the nearest Turk, and, flourishing it in the air, dashed into a jig, unable to resist the music.

Corporal Pichot, who was still watching the strange women with sparkling eyes, fidgeted on his seat, attracted by the music, till he, too, could no longer resist.

"*Saerrre tete de cochon!*" he yelled at last, springing on the table and kicking bottles and glasses in all directions. "*A moi, Carroll! Le canon! Le canon!*"

And in a moment he, too, was dancing "all over," kicking as high as his head, yelling at the top of his powerful lungs, and bouncing off the table among the crowd.

Tom Higgs, stolid and boozey as that giant in the bear-skin hat seemed, followed the example of the rest with a sudden explosion of tremendous laughter, as if he had just taken a joke, and dashed into the "Soldier's Hornpipe," opposite to a fat Turk, who was gazing in wonderment at the whole proceeding.

At first the Turks only laughed in vague hilarity, feeling that there was something indescribably joyful in the music, but not knowing how to express it, as a male Turk never dances from the cradle to the grave. But when they saw the infidels so irresistibly impelled to dance; and when crowds of other soldiers came swarming out, all of whom began to dance, as if by instinct; and when the stout piper kept playing louder and louder; finally they, too, caught the infection; and first the women, then the men, commenced dancing together, each in their national grotesque fashion, while the black slaves in the Sultan's uniform jumped and yelled in their crazy African way, slashing recklessly round with their razor-like scimitars in the sword-dance of the Arab.

Louder and louder played McPherson, thicker and thicker grew the crowd, wilder and wilder grew the demeanor of all. As the piper had predicted, the women had dropped their veils from their faces in the general license, and the jealous Turks were too full of spirits to notice it.

The only cool man in the assembly was McPherson, who stood blowing and playing, with a broad grin on his grim, bearded face. The only woman who seemed unmoved was one of the party that came with the Sultan's harem caïque. She had dropped her veil, and stood looking at the piper, a woman of wonderful brunette beauty, with eyes of peculiar splendor. She looked at him with a sad glance, contrasted with the merry faces of all present; and as if by an irresistible impulse, McPherson stopped.

The instant he did so, there was a dead silence, and people looked at each other with foolish faces. The women muffled themselves in their veils, the crowd dispersed; and the harem party swept by the piper through the throng.

A moment after, the piper felt a tug at his plaid, and beheld a little boy slave near him. The child slipped a note into his hand, and disappeared into the crowd.

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The enormous circulation of popular papers is a fact so significant that the heads of a certain class of "critics" must be thicker than a bomb-proof not to see in that universal taste of the public for fictitious narrative, a healthy and needed source of mental enjoyment. For these critics to set up a doleful whine over the "degeneracy" of popular taste is the sublimity of impudence. "The taste of ten thousand is all wrong—is a great evil, but my taste," he cries, "is all right—a great blessing." And what is his taste? Examine his library, and, nine chances to one, you'll find a superabundance of printed novels! and an absence of erudite or religious books. And the papers he reads are the dailies, literally stuffed with sensationalism of all sorts. Pahl! this critical cant over popular literature is literally "played out." The great and pleasing influence of the popular paper is confessed and established as one of those facts which only the stupid and bigoted ignore.

—Mrs. H. F. P. writes to complain of the discrepancy of wages as clerks paid in the stores to men and women. She is a saleswoman in a large dry-goods house and gets just twelve dollars a week, while men who are no better clerks get twenty. That there is great inequality in wages is very true, but we think women err in the rationale of the matter. It is not true, we are assured by those who hire women, that they are as efficient as men, save in exceptional cases. The number of women who are strong and pleasantly bodied, and who are promptly at their counters every week day of the month, is very small. The number of "necessary absences" among female clerks is so great that such establishments as Stewart's hire a considerable percentage more than a working force, in order to provide for these absences. With men it is entirely different. Their steady labor is demanded and given; they learn the business to follow it for life, whether they are married or unmarried; but a woman learns it only to abandon it as soon as she marries. This is the woman's want of true commercial value which makes the discrepancy in wages.

—It is our Mr. Whitehorn who, writing pathetically about growing old, "gets off" this tuneful paragraph:

"How well I remember the rose-tint of romance that brightened the white mists that veiled the portals of the future, that seemed so far off that my aspiring young heart, that beat high with high hopes that—let's see: where am I? I'm best if I know."

Which is a model in its way (as it doubtless was designed to be) of how to say nothing. We have many a manuscript submitted whose syntax is just as abominable as this, and not always from novices in writing for the press. Many popular writers sling in adjectives and pronouns with a wonderful disregard of good style and correct expression. It is a most excellent practice for authors to revise their own productions. If that was done, as a rule, it would spare the manuscript reader and editor much labor of excision. The number of *that*s extracted in the course of a month would frighten a professor of mathematics if he was told to extract their square root.

SERMONETTE.

IV.

"If you've any thing to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it."

I OFTEN wonder if the men-folks love to rummage over things as much as we more domestic creatures do? I wonder if they like to haul over articles, and when the work is done, leave a sign that there are no more things to rummage over?

Grandma Lawless and I went up in the garret the other day to look through her old clothes chest, and such a sight of dresses and wearing apparel I haven't seen for an age. I didn't say much at first, and grandma somewhat

wondered at it because I am so seldom silent. She desired to know what I was thinking about. I scarcely knew myself, so I commenced to hum the lines that head this article.

"Grandma" said I, "what is the use looking over these things, year in and year out? You don't want to wear any of them any more. Why not give them to some poor person who would be glad of them? You'll not be any worse off for your charitable deed, and some one else will be much better, as well as happier. It will make another's joy live, and it's nothing more than the duty we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves."

I had a nice time cutting over and altering those garments until I began to love the self-imposed task. I might have got through my work sooner if I had only held a sewing-circle, but those scandal, gossiping, backbiting and reputation-killing affairs I detest and despise. Strong language and weak tea are what you will find the definition of sewing-circles to be in the "Lawless" dictionary. I sha'n't say any more on *that* head, for it might spoil the sale of my dictionary.

There used to rest on my mantelpiece a little toy, valued because it was given to me by one whose bright blue eyes had long been closed in sleep under the daisies. Well, every week a poor little girl came to our house for a bit of our help, and eagerly she always gazed on that toy, as though she wished to possess it. I then thought how willing grandma was to give up her clothes "that another's joy might live," and it struck me that Eve was selfish to keep back the toy that would so gladden a child's heart. Though it caused me many a pang to part with it, I conquered my feelings and let it go.

Was it not better to let the child have it, and if the spirit of our departed ones are allowed to rest upon us—would not his spirit feel pleased at what I had done? In life, it was his delight to make the hearts of others happy; and if his toy could bring one spark of sunshine into a clouded life, it would have been just wicked of me to do contrary to what I did.

Now are not some of you withholding what will give others joy? You may have articles you do not need put away, hoarding them up because you are loath to part with what once belonged to the dead. Well, it is better to give them to the living. You will feel as though you were doing as the departed ones would have wanted you to do. It is no disrespect to the dead, and you are over sensitive if you think it is so.

These little joys we can give others are so numerous, and the calls for them so many, that it is a great mystery to me why we are not more lavish of them, and why we want them all given to ourselves, and are so miserably not to wish our neighbors to have any portion of them. The cruel words and innuendoes we say against our fellow travelers will neither make them or us one whit happier, but the kindly ones will never pass from their memories. We may forget the good we do, but not the good that's done for us. If you haven't clothes or money to give the poor, don't begrudge them a kind word. Surely, *that* isn't much to ask of you, and it will certainly bring in a rich reward, if not in this life, it certainly will in the next; but we rarely, if ever, think of that, although we most assuredly should do so.

Perhaps I have these strange feelings for the poor because I have been thrown more among them than the rich, and know their feelings keener than some others can. I know they want kindness, so, my dear friends, think of them as brothers and sisters, and if you have any thing to give, give it, but give it with a kindly hand.

EVE LAWLESS.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

WHY is it that newspaper editors of all degrees never have a vacant corner requiring a half-dozen lines of copy, but they fill it in with some such advice as this: "Wives, see to it that your homes are made pleasant. That neatness and order prevail, that no discordance jars upon the understanding, that yourself and your children be always habited tastefully, that above all you meet your husband, returning harassed and weary and heavy-hearted, it may be, from the trials of his day's business, with a smiling countenance and pleasant word which shall turn aside his burden and make him thankful for possessing such a home."

Oh, ye wives and mothers, who draw your eyes away from such a paragraph with a sigh, and a darkening of the discontent which has drawn lines in once patient and comely faces, which has sharpened tempers and features at once, and marked that little paradise of an humble home so charmingly drawn by the editor's facile pen as an illusion which never existed and never will exist except in such tranquil words, or in the fool's paradise of lovers' imaginations. What visions come up of exertions discontinued long ago! Of long forbearance, of struggling against the deadening sense of unappreciated effort, of self-subsiding never recognized, of a growing crust of indifference and of rebellious and bitter thoughts gaining an ascendancy, never touched or swept away by the magic of a loving husband's sympathy.

It is all well to teach woman's duty to her master man, but would it not also be well to put in an occasional word on the other side of the question? Would it not be well to ask if the means of making home bright and pleasant are always placed within the power of the wife? How many self-asserting husbands are there who consider it incumbent upon their dignity to manifest the supremacy of their mastery in all those little ways which destroy the equality between them, and degrade the wife in her own mind by always keeping alive the fact that she is only the merest creature of his will.

How many come home from their day's work and no sooner put a foot upon their own thresholds than they shut themselves in a chilling, somber cloud! They have been perplexed during the day. There have been little annoyances, slights or disagreements, passed over at the time and pressed out of mind by the swift, steady flow of business, put aside because, forsooth! it would seem beneath manly dignity to evidence any rankling displeasure they have occasioned there in the presence of fellow-workmen or employees; but it is not beneath manly dignity to darken the hour of home-coming with their recurrence and the brooding resentment which may be cherished to any obtrusive degree there in the home sanctuary. It is beneath manly dignity to discuss business matters or consult upon them with the wife meeting him there, to question kindly of her cares during the day, or to propose a recreation which may be mutually shared after their different degrees of trial, but it is not beneath that same manly dignity to decry whatever may be amiss in the household with such little tact or such total lack of all consideration as to plant quick resentment in the wife's breast. He has his evening paper and absorbs its contents in the same gloomy, silent mood. There was once a time when she planned little surprises, and took time and trouble and expended all her taste in quiet adornments, and the disappointment which followed the failure of commendation then has merged into the sullen despondency which mingles his coldly-spoken reprimand now. If

home proves itself too unattractive, he strolls out after dinner to his club or to the theater, and puts on his pleasant mood for the benefit of the passing acquaintances he meets there, only to be put off again when the two shadows meet and mingle—his home and his coming there.

If the wife looks into the evening paper, it is with almost a guilty sense of neglecting some duty by taking the time, so constant are her cares and the requirements exacted from her. Her evening recreations are few and far between, and even the interest of the paper fails, she is so far removed from the doings of the world and the people of whom she reads.

It is the wrong system, whose roots strike so long and deep, no quick reformation can compass them, working at variance in these clouded homes. It is the different way taken by each, the wide estrangement, the failure to reciprocate each other's feelings and to bear with each other's failings and lighten each other's burdens, rather than cast all blame upon either one, all responsibility, and of assuming and feeling a martyrdom each which results in worse than indifference, in recrimination thought or spoken, in a wider widening of the breach, in cherishing and nourishing the familiar demons which never exist in happy hearts and happy homes.

Two sides to the question! and most often the wife's well-meant and patient efforts have been worn out, her timid outcrochings of affection cast back upon themselves, and her tried spirit bent and broken before utter hopelessness of the case is reached—if it ever be reached, indeed! Mutual ties can not quite be broken asunder and cast away, and while one remains there exists the chance of a better understanding and a happier change. Alas that so few find it!

HOME.

God pity him who has no home, and is but a waif drifting about in the great ocean of life. Yes, we ought to pity him, for he has need of our pity. Yet, when we do have a home, how little do we value it! We only know what a blessing it is when we lose it. Wandering through foreign lands, surrounded by every luxury and enjoyment, our hearts will long to return to the home and scenes of our early days even if they are only a rough hut and wild and rugged trees growing around it.

Michael may have more justice done to him in America than in Ireland; he may have better pay; he may have no fear of the visit of the tax-gatherer, or the distrust for the "rint," he may love his adopted country as much as any one born under our bright starry banner, but his thoughts will go "over the sea," to the land of the shamrock, and fondly will he cling to it. Ireland may be full of its persecutions, but it is *home*, and can we blame him for loving it, or for the tears that will start at the picture of some loved spot wherein he used to stray when but a "bit of a boy?"

Rev. Elijah Kellogg says, in his "Turning of the Tide": "I tell you, no other place ever seems like the one where you played when you were little."

Again, a certain family had met with a reverse of circumstances and had to leave the dear old homestead. It was hard to leave it and all its memories, and, as they are turning from the spot, Mr. Kellogg puts these words into the mouth of one of the speakers: "I tell you, the sound of the bolt going into its place, when he locked the door, gave me the heart-ache"—a volume in a sentence.

As there is no dearer place than home, so there is no malady equal to homesickness, and for which there seems to be no panacea. We shall strive to make homes for ourselves, and so fill them with sunshine and happiness that we shall always want to cling to them.

And when we are about to lay our burdens down, to have the cross removed from our shoulders, the tired hands clasped over the weary breast, is it not sweet to know that we shall have rest, and far sweeter to know we are going home, where parting shall be unknown, where we no more shall be buffeted about by strife and turmoil? Then let us so live, that, when we feel death approaching, he will have no terrors for us, for we shall know "we're going home to die no more."

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

As a Presidential Candidate.

For many years I have refused to be a candidate for the White House.

I have at last consented.

Yielding to the repeated solicitations, and the unanimously universal calls of my brother-in-law, I put my card last week in the *Mireopole's Disturber* (weekly), and it reads thus:

"FOR PRESIDENT, IN 1876,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

(Signed,) The People of the U. S."

I am the most Independent candidate ever discovered since the invention of Presidents.

To make myself safe and doubly sure of election I shall run on all kinds of tickets, no matter what they are. I am a Republican and a Democrat, a Prohibitionist and a non-prohibitionist. I shall be on all sides.

I came out on my own hook and I don't expect to be put out.

Nobody knows how much money I haven't got, and I expect to spend the last dollar of it but what I will be elected with an overwhelming majority or minority—I don't care which, so it is which.

I expect to make the biggest run on record for President. I know all about running. I have run for a dry-goods house. I have run for my life several times, and have very often run for the doctor.

I shall run so fast this time that it would be very bad if another candidate ran against me, for he will be sure to run off the track and upset his chances.

I intend to set immediately to work and canvass the whole of the United States—it will take a good deal of canvas, I admit, more really than all of Barum's canvas; but I shall not spare any pains or credit to make it a good job. I want it understood that I go in for Reform. I began that trade at home—one of the worst places to reform.

I know that my enemies will circulate a thousand false reports on me which I have been ashamed of ever since, and have lived to repent, but I will deny right here that I ever murdered my great-grandfather's aunt or was ever hung for taking that other fellow's horse, (this last report I have heard frequently); neither was I drowned by a vigilante committee for setting a house afire and burning six children up.

Neither did I serve a life-sentence in the penitentiary for making a little mistake in the matter of a name once on a piece of paper; and on my word and honor as a gentleman and a man of veracity, I was never shot dead for desertion in the United States army. No, sir.

If I ever have died a drunkard's death at any time, it has slipped my mind.

I am able to swear without assistance that to the best of my recollection I never served three terms in the Lunatic Asylum.

Some enthusiastic men have been going

around accusing me of being the honestest man in the country, and I must say that there are some charges against me which I haven't the heart to deny; but when they say I was once a prominent cannibal in the Feejee Islands my blood boils.

I am well aware that every little mean act I ever did in my life will be resurrected, (and most of the big ones, I am sorry to say); but I hope the good people will not believe a word of them; that's what I am anxious about the most—indeed I am very much concerned.

Very soon my voice will be heard all over the United States. I am getting a trumpet made through which I shall speak, and I can say that it will make my lightest thought so loud that it will be heard for miles around.

I shall be the popular candidate of all nationalities. America is my native land, though I was born in England, came into this world in France, started in life in Germany, was brought up as a Scotchman, and knocked down once for an Irishman.

I will be the favorite of the working-classes, for I am proud to say that is the way I got my start; my father was a working man; he left me his hard, honest earnings, and if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be so well off now.

The rich will support me—or at least I hope they will; they could for they would.

I can depend on the farmers, too. I have depended on one for a good while—too long, he says.

Since my earlier days I have never expected to be a candidate for the Presidency; but the Union must be preserved, and the best man to do it would be difficult to distinguish from me.

I hope my coming out will not prevent the hundred or so other candidates from coming out also, but I would like to get every voter in the land to vote for me first, and then they can vote afterwards for whom they please—that is all I would ask, and each one of my friends can regulate his votes for me.

If I am elected (and I have no earthly doubt of it if every thing turns out right) I shall try and favor all parties and classes.

I shall abolish all jails. There are some people to whom these institutions are obnoxious; I shall remember them. I expect a strong vote in that direction, and nobody shall ever be hung unless he truly thinks that is the only way he can be amused.

I shall maintain the dignity of America, and if George Francis Train is refused a seat in the English House of Lords, I will declare war, and England will be trained in the way she should go anywhere, and she will get severely spanked.

Agents wanted in all parts of the country.

Contributions to the cause can begin to be addressed to

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

STREET CHAT AND HOME TALK.

WAX flowers are now called into requisition to trim the new winter bonnet. The large red roses worn are all of wax.

A new style of collar, said to be intended for gentlemen, is the nearest approach to the kind worn by "end men" in minstrel companies we have seen.

Velvet walking costumes imported this fall are very elegant. They are made something in the redingote style, and the trimming is usually feather and rich lace.

Brown corduroy jackets, made double-breasted with deep collar and revers, will be fashionable next winter. They have no trimming save a double row of large bronze buttons.

Artificial flowers are now used to decorate ball-rooms, parlors and halls on festive occasions. They are cheaper than natural exotics, look quite as well, and have not an oppressive perfume.

A new way of preserving autumn leaves is to iron them fresh with a warm (not hot) iron, on which some spermaceti has been lightly rubbed. This method preserves all the tints to perfection.

In Paris black silk costumes for the house are made with pointed waist and a single trailing skirt. On this and the waist is raised embroidery in orange silk floss representing pineapples and acorns. This new style of trimming dresses is said to be very beautiful and effective.

Earrings made of English sovereigns are the latest novelty in jewelry. They hang from the ear from a fine gold chain fastened to the hook, and are quite pretty. Necklaces of sovereigns are also introduced, also bracelets of the same, the coins being sewed on a wide band of black velvet.

The present style of wearing the hair is to have a single narrow chataine braid down the back of the head, with two or three short puffs on top, and a crown braid in front. The back hair is still combed up from the nape of the neck, but its bare look is taken away by the chataine braid.

Since the panic has caused the reduction in dry goods, the ladies have been indulging the feminine proclivity of admiring, overhauling, and purchasing cheap goods. It is a noticeable fact that although the money market is tight, and there is a prospect of a hard winter, financially, the stores are unusually crowded, and the ladies appear extremely eager to purchase. The report that there are any cheap goods at any shop is sufficient to draw crowds of women, who, afflicted with the mania of Mrs. Toodles, can not resist the bargain.

Dry goods clerks were never busier than at present. Women throng the stores, captivated with the beautiful articles so greatly reduced; and if they hesitate to buy, they beg samples and snips of the coveted goods to carry home, that their friends may be surprised with the low prices.

The crowds in the dollar-stores, and at the counters of trumpery in our large fancy establishments, show the love of women for purchasing articles because they are cheap. The quantities of imitation jewelry sold, and the discolored, dilapidated ear-rings, brooches, and rubbish of this sort, known as "French," found in the possession of fashionable femininity, exposes their propensity for buying trash.

The sailors that go from house to house with short lengths of smuggled linen, poplins, and spurious broadsides, find ready customers in women, who purchase for the sake of getting a bargain, and find they have made an investment about as useless as the famous Thompsonian door-plate. Shop windows that display goods marked with their prices are always swarming with women-gazers. Storekeepers well understand beguiling the feminine heart with tempting odds and ends, and make low by decoy ducks to allure the gazers inside. In these times it behoves women with frenzies for cheap goods to consider the labor necessary to earn the dollars they expend in ties, ruffs, and articles "reduced."

Or, better still, dispense with every superfluous thing in the matter of trimmings, and let your own fingers fashion your garments!

How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart. How mournfully swell the chimes of the days that are no more.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent or wanted. In all cases, the MSS. must be clearly and legibly written, upon excellent MS. as "copy" of third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to edit and compile, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full page number. A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. New MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

No manuscript reports this week.

P. E. The English call all grain "corn."

HENRY R. Miss Neilson is an Englishwoman.

GEORGE. The steam fire-engine is a patent. There are, indeed, several kinds—all patents.

MISS B. K. We believe dry-goods are destined to a great fall in price—particularly imported fabrics.

WORKER. We can give you no advice but this: if you can not get work at your own price obtain the best wages you can; don't refuse a fair offer.

EMILY GRANT. Grace Greenwood is a married woman, but does not, we believe, live with her husband—Mr. Lippincott. She supports herself wholly by the labor of her pen. It is said, toward a good support, she is not such a "low" savages as has been represented.

SOBEY. If gas-light hurts your eyes, substitute a kerosene lamp, with a ground glass globe. The following is a good eye-water: half an ounce of rock salt and one ounce of dry sulphate of zinc; simmer in a perfectly clean, covered porcelain vessel with three pints of water until all is dissolved; strain through thick muslin, and add one ounce of rose-water, bottle and cork it tight. To use it, mix one teaspoonful of clear rain-water with one teaspoonful of the prepared eye-water, and bathe the eyes. Wink, frequently. If it hurts too much, add more water; if not enough, make it slightly stronger by adding more eye-water. This is said to be an admirable wash for weak eyes; one that can not be overused.

BYRON B. L. The *trapa* is the sea-slug or sea-cucumber, salted and dried. It is eaten as a great delicacy by the Chinese; the price given for the finer morsels being forty dollars a pound. It is a native of the East, and forms an important branch of the Chinese trade, and thousands gain their living by collecting it, principally along the eastern coast of China.

OLGA R. The Romans had a law known as the *Lex Oratoria*, which limited the number and quality of the dishes at an entertainment. The supper was the leading Roman meal; the custom by which the guests were every house to be left open while the meal was being eaten. A law now limiting the number of dishes at an entertainment would excite a howl of vengeance and dismay.

WATERBURY. Having sold your MSS., and it being first published and copyrighted by other parties, your property interest in it ceases. The matter, thereafter, can be used by third parties without your consent, although, in a suit, *in equity*, you might possibly recover for any use of the matter other than what the same was sold for or intended.

ELIA. The word "either" never means "both." We know a very common form of expression is—"On either side of the way"—meaning on both sides; and good writers will be careful to use the word "either," but it is a grave mistake, nevertheless, in correct expression. "Either" is one or the other—not both.

R. R. JR. Terra del Fuoco was so called because of the coast fires of the natives which Muscovy saw as he sailed through the straits which now bear his name.—As the ships sail it is about 2,000 miles to Liverpool from New York.—The *Empire* has named ran through from 10 to 15 numbers of the JOURNAL.

LEAN KINE. We don't wonder you are one of the lean kind. To be irregular at meals, to eat hot bread, to drink considerable coffee, to smoke cigars and pipes, and to any other man in New York, is a combination of anti-hygienic practices that would reduce any system to bare muscle and bones. Just reverse the daily order of food and smoke and you'll soon see a change in the adipose tissue.

CASPAR C. We believe the following statement regarding the relative strength of the several steamship lines, is correct: The *Canada Line* has 100,000 tons; the *Imperial* line, 100,000 tons; the *Anchor* line, 100,000 tons; the *White Star* line, 100,000 tons; the *National* line, 100,000 tons; the *Guinea* line, 100,000 tons. It will be seen that the *Anchor* line, one of the youngest, is now the largest. The *Canada* is the oldest, having been built in 1840.

ALBERT. Lafayette never was a "dictator" in France. He was, during two revolutions, a trusted servant of the people, and, no name, to-day, is more honored in French history. He visited this country in 1824, landing in New York city (in August), and passed through; visited each of the twenty-four States that then constituted the Union as the "union of the States," and returned home on the frigate *Brandywine*, named expressly for his accommodation, on September 7, 1825.

D. L. C. All registered letters, under a new arrangement, are soon to be put in a separate packet, with the keys kept by the post-masters only, at the places where the letter is sent from and received.

TEA-DRINKER. The total amount of tea consumed yearly in the United States is estimated to be 30,000,000 pounds, divided as follows: 20,000,000 pounds green tea; 10,000,000 pounds of oolong, and the remainder Japanese. The oolong is the most popular of water Snakes in the tea world, and the varieties of the hyson,

ONLY.

BY HENRI MONTAGNE.

Only a path through the heather:
A path with the morning dew still wet,
Sprinkled with daisy and violet:
But 'twas there a youth and maiden met
Once in the springtime weather.

Only a rose half-blown:
A rose half-blown in a maiden's hair:
But his bashful eyes as they saw it there
Sunk beneath to a face more fair
Than ever they had known.

Only a whisper low:
As a murmuring brook in its tenderness;
But a whispered word may oft confess
The tale of a new-found happiness,
Such as true lovers know.

Only a summer's delight:
He lightly said, and quickly forgot;
But a maiden came to the self-same spot,
Waiting for one who "cometh not"—
And the day fades into night.

Only a grass-grown mound,
With willows above their lone watch keeping;
But beneath a maiden is softly sleeping,
And a youth with head bowed low is weeping,
While the dead leaves fall around.

RED ARROW.

THE WOLF DEMON;
OR,
The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERSAND KID," "RED MAZEPPA," "AGE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OFFER OF THE SHAWNEE CHIEF.

Boone and the chief of the Shawnees were alone together in the Indian wigwam.

The white man wondered why the Indian had dismissed his warriors. He guessed that the chief had probably something to say to him privately, and which he did not wish the others to hear; but of the nature of that communication he could not form the least idea.

Ke-ne-ha-ha surveyed the prisoner for a moment in silence.

The dim light of the fire illuminated the interior of the wigwam, so that each could plainly distinguish the face of the other.

At length the chief spoke.

"The pale-face is a great warrior in his nation," many red chiefs have fallen by his hand."

"Yes, but it was in fair fight, man to man," replied the scout.

"The squaws of the slain braves mourn their loss—they call upon the chief of the Shawnees to give them the blood of the white-skin who has stained his hand red with the blood of the Shawnees. The tears of the widowed wives fall thick upon the ground. The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is sad when he thinks of the brave warriors that the pale-face has sent to the happy hunting-grounds. Why should not the Long Rifle die by the hand of the red-man?"

"What on earth is the use of asking any such foolish questions?" cried Boone, impatiently. "You know very well that you're going to put an end to me, if you can. As for the blood that I've shed of your nation, I've always struck in self-defense. If any of your warriors feel aggrieved, I'm ready to meet 'em—even two to one—and give 'em all the satisfaction that they want."

Ke-ne-ha-ha looked at the white keenly as he uttered the bold defiance.

"Ugh! When the hunters catch the bear they do not let him go free again, nor do they let the Long Rifle go free now that they have caught him. The red chiefs will punish the warrior who has killed their brothers, without risking their lives against him. The fire is burning now before the council-lodge of the Shawnees. When it burns to-morrow the white hunter will be in its center, and the angry flames shall lap up his blood. The ashes of the Long Rifle alone shall remain to tell of the vengeance of the red chiefs." The Indian still looked with searching eyes into the face of the prisoner as he told of the manner of his death.

But if the Shawnee chief proposed to see the signs of fear, he was disappointed, for the iron-like muscles of Boone's face never moved.

"Why in thunder do you want to tell a fellow that he's a-goin to be roasted?" asked Boone, coolly. "Won't it be time enough for me to find out when you tie me to the stake, and I see the smoke a-rising around me?"

The Indian was evidently annoyed that his words had not made more impression upon the scout.

"The white skin does not fear death, then?" the chief asked.

"Yes, I do," answered Boone. "I fear it like thunder. Just you let me loose once, and see how I'll run from it. Lightning will be a fool to my heels."

The joking manner of the scout puzzled the red warrior. He knitted his brows for a moment, as if in deep thought. Then again he spoke.

"The white chief is a great warrior. What would he give to escape the fire-death of the Shawnees?"

Boone couldn't exactly understand the meaning of the chief's words, though the question that he asked seemed plain enough.

"Well, chief," Boone said, after pausing for a moment, as if deliberating upon his answer, "life is sweet; a man would give almost anything for life. But the question with me now is, what can I give?"

"Yourself," said the chief, laconically.

"Eh?" Boone could not understand.

"The white chief is a great brave; he has put to death many great chiefs. If he will become a son of the Shawnee nation, the warriors will forget what he has done, and will look forward to what he will do."

Boone was considerably astonished at the words of the chief, although this was not the first time in the course of his eventful life that the Indians had endeavored to get him to join with them.

"Become a Shawnee, eh?"

"Yes," answered the chief.

"Then the Shawnees will not burn me?"

"No."

"But if I refuse?"

"To-morrow's sun will rise upon your death."

"If I become one of your tribe, what am I expected to do?"

"Take the war-path with the Shawnee braves against the white-skins," answered the chief.

"That is, betray the men who speak my tongue—who are my brothers—into the hands of your people?"

"Yes," replied the chief; "my brother speaks with a straight tongue."

"I'll see you hanged first!" muttered Boone, indignantly, to himself, but he was careful not to let the speech reach the ears of the Indian. He fully understood the dangerous position that fate had placed him in, and the thought flashed through his mind that if he could deceive the savages by pretending to accept their offer, he might delay his execution—gain time, and possibly, through some lucky chance, contrive to effect his escape.

Boone had been fully as near to death before,

and yet escaped to tell of it. He did not despair even now, though a prisoner in the midst of the great Shawnee tribe.

"How long will you give me to think over this proposal that you make me?" Boone asked. "You know a man can't change his country and his color as easily as to pull off a coat and put on a hunting-shirt."

The Indian thought for a moment over the question of the scout. Bound securely as he was, surrounded, too, by the Shawnee warriors, escape was impossible. There was little danger in delaying the sentence of the white-skin.

"Will until to-morrow suit my brother?" asked the chief.

"To-morrow," said Boone; then to his mind came the thought that, before that morning came, something might transpire to aid him to escape.

"Well, until to-morrow will do, though it's a mighty short time for a man to make up his mind on such a ticklish question as this is."

"To-morrow then my brother will say whether he will become a Shawnee or be burnt at the stake to appease the unquiet souls of the brave warriors that his hand has sent to the happy hunting-grounds?"

"Yes," answered Boone, "to-morrow you shall have my answer." But, even as he spoke, in his heart he prayed that some lucky accident might aid him ere the night was over.

"It is good," replied the chief, gravely. "Let my brother open his ears. The chief of the Shawnees would talk more."

"Go ahead, chief," said Boone, who wondered what was coming next.

"My brother is a great warrior; he has fought the Shawnees many times—fought also the Mingoes, the Delawares and the Wyandots. Many a red chief has leveled his rifle full at the heart of the white brave, but the bullet was turned aside by the 'medicine' of my brother. Is the chief a medicine-man?"

Boone understood the superstition of the Indians. He saw, too, that possibly he might use the belief of being invulnerable against rifle-balls to aid him in this desperate strait.

"The chief will be silent if I speak?" Boone asked, mysteriously.

"The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is like the pools

fashion to her. She implored me to take her back to the settlement and promised all sorts of rewards."

"She'll be quite ready then to look upon me in the light of a deliverer, I suppose," said Murdock, a smile lighting up his sallow features.

"All you've got to do is to go in and win," said Bob, with a grin.

"That is just what I intend to do," replied Murdock, enjoying his triumph in anticipation.

"By the way, are they making any row in the settlement over the girl's disappearance?" asked Benton, carelessly.

"Yes, all the settlers have been scouring the forest since last night when her absence was discovered," answered Murdock.

"And her father—the old General—what does he say about it?"

"He is nearly crazy over the disappearance of his daughter. I nearly felt pity for the old man, but I consoled myself by thinking how great his joy would be when I brought his daughter back to him, and how glad he would be to receive as his son-in-law the man who, at the peril of his life, rescued her from the murdering red-skins."

Murdock smiled grimly as he spoke.

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't as good as a show," said Bob, with a laugh all over his huge, ugly face, at the idea. "I shall have to be 'round to witness the interesting meeting."

"Yes; you must make yourself scarce as soon as I take the girl off, for you'll have the whole county on your trail. Of course I shall have to describe where I found her."

"But, s'pose they do come after us, how kin we kiver up the trail?" asked Bob.

"Oh, easy enough," replied Murdock; "the moment you strike the trail on the other bank of the Kanawha, who can tell whether you go up or down? There's too many fresh marks on it for any one to be able to pick out ours."

"There isn't any danger," said Benton, calmly.

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I don't like any more danger than I've got to scratch through," observed Bob, and to do him justice he spoke the truth. Bob's reputation for bravery was not particularly good among the settlers of Point Pleasant.

"I hope so; you had better wait till I get out of sight with the girl; then make your way back to the settlement," said Murdock.

"All right," replied Bob, while Benton silently nodded his head.

Then Murdock left the two and took a circle through the wood which would bring him to the back of the cabin.

Bob watched Murdock until he was out of sight; then he turned, abruptly, to Benton.

"Say, got any more corn-juice?" he asked.

"No," replied Benton, in a surly way.

"That's a pity," said Bob, reflectively.

"What did you want to go and drink it all up for?" asked Benton, indignantly.

Benton that morning had produced a large flask of whisky, and left it with Bob while he went off to shoot a squirrel for breakfast. On his return he found that Bob had drunk up the entire contents of the flask and was in a drunken slumber. He had just awakened out of it when Murdock came.

"It was 'tarnal good corn-juice," said Bob, smacking his lips at the remembrance.

"Well, you didn't leave any for me to taste, so I don't know whether it was or not," said Benton, in ill-humor.

"You didn't come back, an' I make a pint never to let whisky spill when I'm 'round to drink it up," explained Bob.

"The next time you get any of my whisky to drink, I reckon you'll know it," said Benton, significantly.

"Well, you needn't get riled at a feller," replied Bob.

From where the two stood they commanded a view of the cabin. Their astonishment was great when they beheld Murdock come from behind the cabin in evident agitation.

He stopped before the door of the log-house, which was fastened on the outside by a rude bar—Murdock's device to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Then he beckoned for the two to come to him.

Astonished, they obeyed the gesture. Evidently something was the matter.

"Who saw the girl this morning?" demanded Murdock, when they approached.

"I did," responded Benton.

"At what time?"

"Just after sunrise,"



"Hullo! who's this, eh? Hain't been gettin' a husband since I've been away have you?"

of the Scioto—cast a stone into them, it sinks to the bottom and remains there. So shall the words of my brother sink into my heart."

"I am a medicine-man."

"And bullet can not harm my brother?"

"No," said Boone, impressively; "not if I keep out of its way," he added, to himself.

The Indian looked at Boone for a moment in silence; a slight expression of awe was in his face. Then the chief came nearer to the old scout, and in a solemn tone, spoke:

"Has the white-skin ever heard of the Wolf Demon of the Shawnees?"

"Yes," answered the scout, somewhat surprised at the question.

"The Wolf Demon is the scourge of the Shawnee tribe. Many brave warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the monster, and on their breasts he leaves his totem—a Red Arrow. Ke-ne-ha-ha is the great chief of the Shawnee nation; scalps hang thick in the smoke of his wigwam; he is not afraid of man or demon. But the scourge of the Shawnees fears to meet a warrior unless he is alone in the forest. Ke-ne-ha-ha has sought for the Wolf Demon, but has not found him. The red chief would kill the monster that uses the totem of the Red Arrow. If my brother is a medicine-man, can he not tell me where I may find the Wolf Demon?"

"I can not," answered Boone.

The chief looked disappointed.

"The red-man is sorry. He will see his brother in the morning." Then the chief stalked, moodily, from the lodge.

For an hour or more Boone remained in silence. The fire in the center of the lodge burnt out and darkness surrounded the scout.

Then to the keen ear of the woodman came the sound of a knife cutting through the skins that formed the walls of the wigwam.

A few minutes more and Boone, despite the gloom of the wigwam, could see that a dark form stood by his side.

The scout knew in an instant that it was a friend. He thought it either Lark or Kenton that had so aptly come to his assistance.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

On the morning following the day on which the young stranger, Harvey Winthrop, had been shot down in the little ravine by the Kanawha river, and Virginia was carried off by the villainous tools of Clement Murdock, to the lonely cabin on the other bank of the stream to that on which the settlement of Point Pleasant was located, Murdock again stood before the cabin, still wearing their Indian disguises.

"How does the girl bear it?" Murdock asked, on joining the others. The three stood within the wood just beyond the little clearing.

"Oh, well enough," answered Benton. "I took her in some breakfast this morning. She's been crying all night, I reckon. I spoke Injun-

"Did they discover the body of the young man that you knocked over with your rifle?" asked Benton.

"No," replied Murdock, and a slight bit of uneasiness was plainly perceptible in his tone.

"No?" said Benton, astonished.

"No," again said Murdock, "and I am somewhat puzzled to account for it too. The searching parties must have passed through the ravine, it is so near the settlement. I can not understand it at all. I am sure that he was dead when we left him. You examined him, Bob. Did he show any signs of life?"

"Nary sign," replied Bob, emphatically. But Bob's examination of the body of the man who had fallen by the bullet of Murdock's rifle, had been but a slight one, and Bob was not likely to be a very close observer or be able to decide between life and death in a doubtful case.

"I can not understand it," said Murdock, absently. He was indeed sorely puzzled by the strange circumstance. The thought had occurred to him that, possibly, the shot that he had aimed with such deadly intent at the heart of his rival might have failed to accomplish the deed of the young stranger. Perhaps his rival still lived and might attempt to wrest from him the prize that he had toiled so to gain. The thought was wormwood to him, yet he had brooded over it all the way through the forest, thought of little else from the time he left the settlement at Point Pleasant till he stood before the lonely cabin by the Kanawha. "He may have escaped death, but yet I do not see how it can possibly be. I am sure I hit him fairly, and I do not often have to fire twice at one mark."

"Why, that ain't a doubt but what he's gone under," cried Bob.

"But I do not understand how it is that the settlers in searching for the girl did not come upon his body," said Murdock.

"It is strange," observed Benton.

"Just as easy as rollin' off a log," said Bob.

"What is?" questioned Murdock.

"The reason why they didn't find him."

"Is there a reason?"

"Of course," replied Bob, confidently. "Didn't you tumble him over just before nightfall?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you s'pose the wolves would let him lay there all night?"

"The wolves, possibly, may have made away with the body, but yet the bones would remain," Murdock said, thoughtfully.

"Why, no," said Bob, "the wolves would naturally drag the body off into the woods and the bones would be left far."

Murdock breathed easier after this possible solution of the mystery. He had had a dreadful suspicion that he might see again in the flesh the man whose life he had tried to take.

Now, to put my plan in execution," Murdock said. "I shall enter the cabin by the hole in the ground at the back of the shanty, and represent to the girl that, at the peril of my life, I have come to save her."

"Oh, it will work easy enough," said Bob.

"And you have watched the cabin since then?"

"No, I was off in the woods for a little while."

"But you remained," Murdock said, turning to Bob; "you watched the cabin in his absence?"

"Of course I did," responded Bob, stoutly. "I never took my eyes off of it." Considering that he had been fast asleep for about two hours, of which time Benton had been away, Bob told his story with a good grace.

"I can not understand it," muttered Murdock, an angry cloud upon his brow. "The door is secure, the log behind, just as I left it."

"Why, what's the matter, Clem?" asked Bob, who saw plainly that something had gone wrong, though what it was, he could not guess.

"Look for yourselves," cried Murdock, angrily, throwing open the door of the cabin as he spoke.

Eagerly the two looked in.

The cabin was empty! The girl was gone!

With blank faces the three looked at each other.

The girl had been split out of their hands by some means, but how, they could not tell. There was no possible solution to this mystery. No way by which the girl could escape, and yet she was gone. Vanished without leaving a trace of the manner of her escape. Murdock was beaten, but how or by whom he could not even guess.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RENEGADE'S DAUGHTER.

By the northern bank of the Kanawha, some five miles from the settlement of Point Pleasant, stood a lonely cabin. A little clearing surrounded it.

The cabin was situated about half a mile from the broad trail leading from Point Pleasant to the Virginia settlements.

A narrow foot-path led from the broad trail to the lonely cabin, but so little was it used and so dense had grown the weeds and rank grass of the forest about it, that it would almost have required the practiced eye of the savage, or his rival in woodcraft, the white borderer, to have discovered the existence of the path.

The cabin itself, though situated far from the line of civilization, showed evident signs of human occupation.

The wild vines of the forest, transplanted from their native fastness, twined and bloomed about the rough logs that formed the walls of the cabin. And with the wild children of the wood grew red and white roses, the floral gems that art had plucked from nature.

A little garden patch, that showed plainly the traces of careful tending, was on the further side of the cabin and extended down near to the bank of the Kanawha.

This lonely cabin, far off in the wild woods, remote from civilization, was the home of the strange, wayward girl, whom the settlers at

Point Pleasant called Kanawha Kate, and whom the red chiefs, in their fanciful way, termed the "Queen of the Kanawha."

In the interior of the lonely cabin a strange scene presented itself to view.

On a rude couch of deer-skins lay a man. He was moaning, helplessly, as if in great pain.

The shirt that covered his manly breast was stained with blood.

From the position in which the wounded man lay—on his side, with his face buried in the folds of the deer-skin—his features were concealed from view, yet from the pallor of the little part of his face that was visible, it was evident that the man had been stricken high to death.

By the side of the suffering man knelt the brown-cheeked beauty, Kanawha Kate.

Anxiously she bent over the stricken man. A little cup of the muddy water from the Kanawha was by her side, and with her hands, wet with the discolored drops, she bathed the feverish temples of the wounded man.

Tender as a mother nursing her first-born, the girl lavished the hot flesh.

As the cooling touch of the wet, brown hand passed softly over the temples, it seemed to ease the pain that racked the muscular limbs.

The rigid lines of the face, distorted by the agony of pain, grew soft. The moans of anguish were stilled. The simple treatment of the girl was relieving the torture felt by the stranger.

Eagerly the girl watched the face, and smiled when she saw the muscles relax and the painful breathing become low and regular.

"He will not die!" she cried, in joy, but barely speaking above a whisper, for fear of disturbing her patient.

"He will live and owe that life to me. Oh! what joy in the thought!" Then in a few moments she remained silent, watching the pale face before her with many a long, loving look.

Few of the settlers at Point Pleasant who had seen Kanawha Kate roaming the forest, rifle in hand—as good a woodman as any one among them—would have guessed that, within the heart of the forest-queen was a world of tenderness and love.

They had seen her bring down the brown deer with a single shot, wing an eagle in his airy circle in the sky and bring the kindly bird tumbling to earth; had seen her when the Ohio, lashed into white, crested waves by the mad winds, bid defiance to the boldest boatman to dare to cross it, launch her dug-out and fearlessly commit herself to the mercy of the dashing waters.

How could they guess that with the dauntless courage of a lion, she also possessed the tender and loving heart of a woman? But so it was.

"It was Heaven that sent me to his aid," she murmured, gazing fondly on the white face.

"How beautiful he is; how unlike the rough fellows in yonder settlement," and the girl's lip curled contemptuously as she spoke.

"He is a king to them. Oh! what would I not give to win his love; but that thought is folly. I am despised by all; but no, there is one who speaks fairly to and thinks kindly of me—Virginia Treveling. She has a noble heart. She is the only one in yonder settlement who has not treated me with scorn, and yet fate has decreed that we shall stand in each other's way." Mournful was the voice of the girl as the words came from her lips; sorrowful was the look upon her face.

"It is a hopeless passion that I am nourishing in my heart. I must not love him, for I can never hope to win a return of that love."

Sadly she looked upon the wounded man. A footfall outside the cabin attracted her attention. Quickly she bounded to her feet and seized the rifle that hung over the rude fireplace. Then she stood still and listened.

"Who can it be that seeks the home of the outcast girl?" she murmured, as with eager ears, every sense on the alert, she listened.

"Can it be one of the settlers from Point Pleasant? No; but few of them know of my dwelling-place, and fewer still would care to seek it. Is it a red-skin? No; I would not have heard his footfall if he comes in malice."

Then the girl heard the sound of footsteps approaching the house.

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl suddenly, as a thought

"Don't get your back up; I only suggested it. You've got the temper of an angel, you have. If you ever do get a husband, you'll comb his hair with a three-legged stool, I reckon, whether his skin is white or red."

The girl made no reply, but turned away her head with a look of scorn.

"Seein' as how I was round the clearing, I thought I'd call in and see how you was. I didn't expect to find the old cabin turned into a hospital."

"Would you have had me leave this poor fellow to die in the wood, like a dog?" asked the girl, spitefully.

"Life ain't worth much, anyway," said the renegade, contemptuously. "One man ain't missed in this hyer big world."

"What brings you so near the station?" asked Kate.

"Ain't it natural that a white man should want to see some of his own color, once in a while?" asked Kendrick, with a grin.

"Your color!" said the girl, in scorn; "though your face is white yet your heart is red! Yes, as red as your hand has been with blood. In yonder settlement they call you the white Indian, and they would tear you to pieces if they could get their hands upon you—show you as little mercy as they would show a wolf."

"That's true, gal, true as preachin'; but do you s'pose the hate's all on one side? I reckon not," and the renegade laughed discordantly. "I've seen many a white man dance while the red flames were burning his life away, and I've laughed at the sight."

"And the guilt and shame that belongs to you clings to me also. I am your daughter, and that I am so is a curse upon my life. It has made me an outcast—forced me to seek a home far from the bounds of civilization. It has deened all the good in my nature. It is a wonder that I am not thoroughly bad, for all that I am not. The tone in which the girl spoke showed plainly how deeply she felt the cruel truth."

"Inside of a month the settlers at Point Pleasant won't jeer at you," said Kendrick, meaningly.

"What will keep them from it?" asked Kate, in wonder.

"Ke-ne-ha-lia and his Shawnees. There's a hurricane coming, gal, and Point Pleasant will be the first to feel it. Let 'em laugh now; they'll cry tears of blood soon."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

Ytol:
Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon.
A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "STRAILING A HEART," "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "FRANK OF FRANKS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Ytol ACCEPTS.

"The bar of rank was trampled down, I stooped and raised her to my crown."

—COOK.

"Oh! the fierce sickness of the soul—to see Love bought and sold!"

—BULWER.

"Give me but thy heart, though cold; I ask no more."

—CORNWALL.

Ytol sprung to her feet with the assistance of Lord Somers; but she shrank before the staring eyes that looked in from the doorway. The Englishman calmly surveyed them.

"Yes," he said, as if in answer to Mrs. Layworth's exclamation, "I am here."

"You are very considerate, my lord, to perpetrate this scandal beneath my roof," sneered Mrs. Layworth, ironically.

"All of which I can explain."

"Oh, no doubt—Begone!" the last to the servants.

"Oh, Mrs. Layworth!" cried Ytol, advancing with crimsoned cheeks, "believe me, if Lord Somers had not come to my aid when he did, I should have been killed."

"Indeed?"

And Ione echoed:

"Indeed?"

"That frightful thing, which you yourself have seen, was here in my room. It had me helpless in its terrible arms, when Lord Somers saved me. I feel that I owe him my life. Won't you believe me?"

"A likely story. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a true one," emphasized Somers, whose brow was dark as a thunder-cloud. "I regret, madam, that one dare not be a champion for a lady distressed, in your house, without incurring unjust suspicion. I might explain still further, in detail, to your satisfaction; under the circumstances I shall not."

Turning to Ytol he whispered:

"Do not fear. It is in your power to save both your name and mine. I shall leave here immediately. I give you till daybreak to make up your mind. Marry me and all will be well."

He pressed her hand; then with a firm, dignified step, he walked from the room, his gray eyes hard and sternly bent upon the mother and daughter.

Without speaking to Ytol—whose drooping, trembling form scarce stood there, with the Englishman's words dwelling in her ears—Mrs. Layworth and Ione withdrew. The door was not locked this time.

"I hope you are convinced, mother?"

"Come, my child," hurrying along the hall; "it is sufficient. But that shot?—what could it have meant?"

"A mere effort at cloaking the true character of the tableau. You say Ytol's door was locked?"

"By my own hands. You must have seen me turn the key."

"Lord Somers, then, entered by the window, for a *tele-a-lete* with his charmer. His sudden appearance frightened her—she screamed—she fainted. He heard us coming; he fired the pistol—I know he carries one—then invoked her to endorse the lie with which he would endeavor to escape disgrace. All is very plain to me."

"And to me. I would not have you wed Lord Somers, now."

In the lower entry Somers beckoned the porter to him.

"I want you to send to the city," he said, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and get me a cab."

"Yes, m' lord."

"Have it here by daybreak—promptly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, m' lord; you shall 'ave it."

Having attended to this, he retired to his apartments, and packed his trunk. He did not lie down that night, but lighted a cigar and trod the carpet thoughtfully—apparently cool, not varying from his accustomed nonchalance of mien. Underneath the collected exterior, however, he was angered and worried.

With the first gray of dawn he descended to the parlor. The cab was just coming in at the gate, and he noticed it with satisfaction.

Touching the bell he requested a servant to inform Miss Lyn that he desired to see her in the parlor.

After a short absence, the messenger returned with:

"She'll be down in a minute, m' lord."

A feeling of pleasure thrilled him. The fact of her agreeable reply promised well for his hopes.

When the young girl entered he was surprised at the change that was visible in her. The blue eyes were bright, the cheeks were rosy, there was a resolute mold in the sweet face, and her voice, when she spoke, was strangely firm.

"You see," she said, with a gesture, "I obey."

"And it tells me that you have decided in my favor."

"Upon conditions—yes."

"Name them."

"Do you assure me that there is nothing binding between you and Ione Layworth?"

"I do."

"Another thing: are you willing to take me, knowing what I am, and not who I am?—without my being able to indicate who were my parents—ah! you start."

"Go on—say it all."

"With the possibility of my being the offspring of some miserable pair, whose record may be stained with crime, the revival of which would make you blush."

"Impossible! This can not be—"

"I have not asserted that it is so—yet it is possible, for I know not otherwise."

"I had not dreamed such a thing—"

"You had no cause. You see, now, my lord, you have done too much in blindness. As I told you at the lake, you would not wed with such as I am."

Ytol was talking plainly, bitterly. She seemed altered completely; something, some powerful influence was working within her as she put the tests.

"You are mistaken," he interrupted, quickly, stepping to her side; "I love you. I want to possess you. Tell me, am I to have you?"

"You have weighed this well?"

"Yes—all."

Only for a second did she hesitate.

"Then I accept. Here is my token."

She extended her hand; he clasped it—he drew her to him, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. But there was no responsive pressure there; the embrace was cold and formal.

"The cab is at the door, Ytol; make haste."

"My trunk is ready; I packed it last night. I intended leaving Wilde Manor whether you or not. The sooner we are off the better."

Somers half-paused. It was so utterly unlike her previous manner toward him, yet so markedly strained, that he could not fail to notice it. But he had won her. For the present he was satisfied.

The trunks were brought down and strapped onto the waiting vehicle; soon they were ready.

"Where is Mrs. Layworth?" he asked of the sleepy porter, who was just getting lazily to his post.

"She 'asn't come down yet, m' lord."

"Then I will not be able to see her. Inform her that I am gone."

They entered the cab and were driven rapidly away; and the porter, thoroughly awakened now, stared gazingly after them.

"What's up, I say?—m' lord Somers an' t' governess a-goin' away—with their baggage. What's int'il't, now, I wonder?"

Ytol gave one glance back at the fading house, whispered an adieu to Wilde Manor; when her soul grew rigid with the mask it wore.

Did she realize what she was doing? There was not one particle of affection in her heart for the man she was about to marry. Her action was the impulse of despair, her spur the stern force of necessity.

We see it every day around us; lonely ones accepting the seeming possibility of relief from woe, which marriage holds out to them—to find, alas, that it is but a phantom, which only leads the aching spirit to a deeper gloom, and wraps the mantle of a double misery round the shattered being.

As they rattled over the road, another cab passed them, going toward the Manor. In it were two men.

And there were others riding swiftly for Liverpool in the first glow of the morning. The second cab had hardly passed in through the gate when a man and woman on horseback came thundering by.

Dwila St. Jean and the Dwarf!

They were in hot pursuit.

The departure of Somers and Ytol had not been unnoticed. Ione, standing at her bedroom window, saw the conveyance drive off. She ground her white teeth in rage, and a dire exclamation burst from her lips.

With starting, straining eyes, she watched after them, and her bosom heaved in a tumult of emotion.

Mrs. Layworth was apprised of visitors in the parlor, as soon as she descended the stairs. She saw there two strangers.

Paul Faerot and Hoyle Yarik!

"Good-morning, madam," spoke the first.

"We are here on important business. Hope we did not disturb you?"

"Oh, no; what is it?"

"We are in search of a young girl named Ytol Lyn."

She started; but it was not perceptible.

"Her true name is Dufour, and she is greatly interested in the will of the late David Dane, an American, who was a diamond merchant in London. We were on her track in the United States, and traced her to Cape May. At that point, she was abducted by enemies. We got information of it, and pursued them in a yacht. A storm came up, destroying the craft we were in chase of; and the next day, we saved one of the crew, whose name was Wharrie Dufour, and who is a cousin of the girl we are in search of. We ascertained that Ytol was picked up by a steamer bound for Liverpool, and finally followed the clue to the Queen's Hotel."

"Quite a romance!" broke in Mrs. Layworth, with affected interest.

"Yes. From the Queen's Hotel, we received information that led us to suspect that you knew—"

"That I knew?"

"Where she was. Or, probably, she is now in your house?"

"I am sorry you have had your hunt for nothing," she quietly replied. "Ytol—as you call her—is not here."

Faerot looked blank.

"But she has been here, madam?"

"Yes—and left this morning."

"Can you tell us the probable direction she took?"

"I haven't the most remote idea."

Mrs. Layworth could not, or would not give them any hint as to Ytol's course, and they departed at once.

When the disappointed Faerot sunk despondingly back amid the cushions of the cab, and ordered the driver back to Liverpool, Yarik pulled his sleeve, and glanced, with a grin, into his face.

"What is it, Yarik?"

"Do you know who you've been a-talkin' to?" he asked, queerly.

"No—who?"

"Why, that 'ere's little Ytol's aunt."

"The deuce!"

"Fact. An' I can tell you somethin' about this here affair 'at you don't know yet."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's somewhat of a hist'ry."

"Let's have it. We've time before we reach the city."

"I'll jest kinder give you a s'opsis, as they say on the play-bills," and Hoyle Yarik's face assumed a mysterious look, as he bit off a fresh chew of tobacco from his enormous plug.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT IS DONE.

"My very soul seems moldering in my bosom."

—BYRON.

"And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath, To naught in life * * *"

—MONTGOMERY.

"Take heed! we are passionate; our milk of love Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking!"

—MILMAN.

It was a quiet wedding. The hotel parlors were closed to all save a few special friends of Lord Somers, whom he notified immediately upon his arrival in London, with Ytol.

At Ytol's request, they were not married in church, and the Englishman did not consider his own bachelor residence of sufficient elegance in which to display his bride.

Hence a series of orders to his valet, to prepare the dwelling ere their return from a brief tour.

The occasion, withal the number present was limited, was brilliant and impressive.

The room was ablaze with tapers and gas-jets; festooned, and wreathed with flowers breathing delicious perfume; the carpets covered with white—a picture solemnly beautiful.

Hasty as were the arrangements, Ytol had found time to prepare an elaborate toilet, by the dextrous aid of dressmakers and waiting-maids; and a buzz of admiration went round when she threw back the profusion of veil, discovering a pale but angelic face.

She looked far older than her years—half wrought by the scenes of her unhappiness; some thought that she appeared a little sad, that the deep blue eyes mingled a perceptible weariness in their radiance.

But her voice was calm and full of sweetness, when she uttered the vows of the ceremony, and her cheeks were gradually suffused with color.

Her simulation was perfect. None could detect the mighty effort called up to sustain her in this act so foreign to her desires.

It was over. Congratulations showered on them, and the minister addressed them in a kind charge to those who had embarked in so risky a companionship.

In the adjoining room a bounteous table was spread. Lord Somers, at the side of his wife, presented her with a golden cup of wine, to give the first toast.

Slowly she raised the chalice; for a second, her eyes roamed over the expectant company. Then, in a tone that was slightly tremulous:

"Let us drink to those hollow hearts that know no love!"

Her manner was so earnest—with a tincture of bitterness that could not be concealed—that a silence followed the singular speech.

Somers gazed hard at her, as if trying to reach her thoughts. But he was baffled. Not a muscle twitched upon the lovely face, not a sign to betray the true or passing import of her words.

Ytol tasted the sparkling wine, and quietly set the cup upon the cloth, without observing his scrutiny.

There were a few pleasant remarks and bursts of merriment; but Ytol's bearing, from the moment of the commencing of the bonds, had dampened the prospective ardor.

Within two hours they were whirling toward the depot.

"Was that a health to your own heart, Lady Somers?" inquired her husband, in the gloom of the carriage.

"An unfair question, my lord. I am your wife, and I shall do my duty."

"I would like to know if our future is to be as freezing as this first hour?" he put, short and pointed, influenced by her coldness.

"But, Ytol only answered:

"I shall do my duty, with the help of Heaven."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRST LIE.

"Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust. Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!"

—HOFFMAN.

"I think my wife is honest, and think is not; I have some proof."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Ytol, clung, fainting, round the neck of Wharrie Dufour. But his voice aroused her.

"Ytol! look up, darling."

"Wharrie! Wharrie! Oh, Wharrie Dufour! why did you come here?" she cried, hysterically.

"Why?" he repeated, in a bitter tone. "It was because I wished to see you, Ytol; to see if you were happy in playing this unholy part—giving your lips to a haughty Englishman, and receiving his embraces; a man who would scorn you if he knew of your past."

"Stop, Wharrie! oh, stop! I am miserable! Do not add daggers to my already intolerable existence. How did you find me?"

"Could earth hold you and hide you from me?" he exclaimed, drawing her, convulsively, tighter to him. "Do you remember our gay bower by the Chesapeake?"

"Yes," she answered, tremulously, as her head sunk low upon his breast.

"Do you remember how we loved each other?—the vow I registered?"

"I do, Wharrie—I do," and her lips were quivering.

"I have been true to that vow, Ytol; I lived only for you. But you were unkind. When you ran away, my world grew at once desolate and empty. I had nothing to live for, without you. I turned my back on my home, and started to search for you. Heaven threw us together at a strange time. I had no money, nor work, and I joined a yacht's crew at Cape May. One night we were hired to aid in an abduction. It was my intention to save their victim; and I little thought that the one so helpless in their clutches was yourself. When we held to the spar on the tossing waves the lightning showed me who it was. Have you forgotten how we met, amid the storm, and how I was swept from you? I was mercifully preserved, and I have hunted you to this place—to find you the wife of another! Oh, Ytol! how could you treat me so? You never loved me—never."

Ytol was sobbing painfully. His speech burnt, in its sad accents of reproof, like irons of fire into her heart.

"Wharrie!" she gasped, as though her spirit were utterly crushed. "I know you must despise me; and I deserve it. I am only fit to die now; there is nothing for me but the grave. I wish I could have died, rather than see you! I married him because there was no other—"

"No other?"

"Wharrie!—oh, Wharrie! look at me: pity me just a little! Don't spurn me as the false and worthless thing I would seem to be. I have never forgotten you, Wharrie. God knows how lonely I have been without you. I had to do, I had to fly from where you were, for— we could not marry."

"Ytol!"

And then she told him of her conversation with his father, told him the cause of her desertion of the Lyn farm.

He listened calmly; but a hard, cold smile twitched his mouth.

"Perhaps you think you did it for the best. But, see: had you waited a little longer, all would have been well. Father is dead, Ytol."

"Dead?"

"He died of apoplexy three or four days after I left the farm. Mother advertised for me, and I wrote to her, to assure her of my

The trees were hung grotesquely with colored lanterns, shedding a weird light over the fragrant walks; and couples in dominoes and masks were promenading or dancing ere the call to banquet.

"Lady Somers, where are you going?"

A figure in pink domino and scarlet mask arrested her as she was stepping out from the festive gathering.

"To walk in the garden. I am tired of this scene—for awhile, at least."

"But they are calling for the 'Evening Star' at the organ. You have won countless laurels to-night, and not one guesses right who it is. Won't you return and play?"

"Do be merciful, my lord. Let me escape, if it be but for ten short minutes. I tell you, I am wearied to death."

She passed on, out at the long window, round the piazza, and slowly took her way along one of the darker paths, removing the heated mask from her face, and gasping at the fresh, well come air.

She did, indeed, wish to flee from the garish whirlpool that surrounded her. It was a scene in which she had no heart, to which her spirit was a sacrifice, and only felt more weightily the trying position she occupied.

Suddenly she started, and paused short. A form sprung out from behind a tree directly in front of her. It wore no disguise, it approached her with quick strides.

"Ytol!" called a well-remembered voice.

In an instant this figure was by her. For a second she stared incredulously.

"Ytol! have you forgotten me?"

"Wharrie! Wharrie Dufour!" she cried, huskily.

"Yes!—yes! it is Wharrie. Oh, Ytol! what have you done?"

She was swaying dizzily—she was falling. A sense of weakness, helplessness—combined with such an agony as she had never felt before—came over her.

She staggered a step, and was sinking to the earth, when his arms outstretched and caught her.

Ytol had hardly left the parlors when a female, in the character of "Eve," plucked Lord Somers by the sleeve.

"Eh? 'Pon my soul you are mistaken—"

"Sh! It is no time for fooleries. Come with me; I have a sight for your eyes—one that will tell its own tale."

"What mean you?" he asked, throwing off the disguise of his voice.

"It is a love scene, in which your wife figures—"

"Woman!—"

"Nay, see for yourself. Come—come."

Obedient an impulse, he followed her.

Out into the garden of glimmering lights, rustling over the grass, beneath the trees; then they halted.

"See there!" whispered his companion, with her lips close to his ear.

Somers clenched his fists and breathed a terrible curse. For he saw the "Evening Star"—his wife—in the arms of a stranger.

He would have dashed forward to throttle this intruder; but he was held back.

"Stay! It is better to wait."

"Wait! when I am being thus outraged?"

"Yes—wait; and punish her."

It was a hard struggle with the fierce elment of rage; then, drawing a deep, choking breath, he watched and waited.

"Tell me who you are?" he hissed, turning to where the mask had stood.

But the informer had vanished.

safety, and that I would return when I had found you. She forwarded money to me, to aid my search. I am going back now; but my life is hollow. The world is a living tomb to me. And yet I say: God bless you, Ytol—God bless you; and may you find the joy I can not on this earth—"

Ytol suddenly started from his embrace, and strained her eyes through the gloom.

"Wharrie!—oh, Heaven! we have been watching."

"By whom?" quickly.

"By Lord Somers—by my husband! See that in his form moving there. Look."

They saw a shadowy figure skulking away among the trees; and Ytol knew well what it was.

"Fly, Wharrie! I must be gone. But," the voice was low and husky, "don't go until we meet again! I must see you once more—I must!"

"When and where?"

"On this spot, three nights hence. Farewell."

She tore herself from him as she rapidly uttered the words, and sped swiftly toward the house.

New fears pricked her bosom. She knew that Somers had witnessed her meeting with Wharrie Dufour. He would stamp it as a crime. What would be the consequences? Could she bear his anger when he charged her with what, to him, was unmistakable guilt? How was she to meet the ordeal coming?

The guests had adjourned to the banquet hall, where all were to unmask prior to partaking of the bounteous feast there spread before them.

At the head of the table stood the pink domino, and "Eve" was by its side. Far down, near the foot, was the "Evening Star," and Somers regarded the latter with flaming eyes.

At a signal all came masks and capes, and simultaneously two parties in the company vented exclamations of surprise.

"Eve" was Dwila St. Jean. She was by the Englishman, and it was they who stared in astonishment on the "Evening Star." For, instead of Lady Somers, it was Finette, the waiting maid!

Lady Somers was close on his left hand, and wore a blue domino!

The maid glanced at her mistress, as if appealingly; and Ytol said:

"Forgive me, my lord. She yearned to partake in the merriment, so I changed robes with her immediately after the last time I was at the organ."

While he was silent in bewilderment, and the magnetism of attraction centered round Lady Somers, the maid slipped out.

Dwila St. Jean was perplexed. She had either thrown the husband on a wrong scent, or Ytol had defeated her by some artifice.

Ytol excused herself ere the feasting ended, pleading severe headache.

In her apartment, with Finette near, she sunk into a chair, and buried the pale, sorrowful face in her hands.

"Madame has had a narrow escape," whispered the maid, as she busied herself with disrobing her mistress.

"Oh, Finette! but, he must know it was me he saw, and he will suspect at once that we changed after I came in. Besides, I have acted and told a lie!"

"Then madame must sit plentiful with her tongue. He must never learn how Finette aided her mistress. He must be told that it was Finette's lover, and Finette who went into the garden."

"But, girl, such falsehoods—"

"It is nothing, madame. That is the way a great many do. Ah! Finette has saved a mistress twice before she came to serve you—and, ciel! it was worse than this. Tell him what I say, and Finette will stand by you with so many tears that he will believe. Ha! ha! ha! Madame is young yet; but she will soon learn all the little plots."

A terrible feeling was eating at Ytol's heart-strings. Was this to be her life? Was this the relief from her trials which she sought in wedding Lord Somers? Even the maid believed her a criminal, and offered to aid her in averting discovery. She must begin with falsehoods, to escape her husband's wrath and to save her outward honor.

"Hark, Finette; what is that?"

It was a singular sound to which they listened, seeming to come from the walls.

Click! tink! tink! tink! Click! tink! tink! like the rattle and rap of a small hammer on iron and anvil.

"I can't say," replied Finette; "we have heard it a long time before madame came back. The new people in the next house—they pound that way every night till I am weary. What it can be, we give up. The beautiful girl who you saw stand by my lord to-night—she with the great eyes that flash—she lives there," pointing toward the wall between the two houses.

Finette meant Dwila St. Jean.

Click! tink! tink! tink! Click! tink! tink! continued the sound at intervals—such a sound as issues from a blacksmith's shop when the work is on the anvil beneath the dancing hammer.

When Ytol lay upon her couch she still heard it, rising faintly:

Click! tink! tink! tink! tink!

And in her sleep the mysterious hammering disturbed her, causing her to move restlessly.

It was almost daylight ere Lord Somers sought the room.

Before retiring, he stood at the bedside, with folded arms and knit brows, gazing down on the fair form of the slumberer.

Surely, there was no stamp of guilt upon that brow of snow?

Yet his eyes bent frowningly on the white, beautiful face.

"Shall I believe it?" he muttered, "or was I, indeed, deceived in what I saw? Could it have been Finette in the garden?—or was the change of masks but a trick to delude? By the Eternal—if I was but sure that guilt lived in that icy bosom, I'd strangle her in my dreams!—she should never see the day dawn!"

He remained there, like a statue, for many minutes. Once, he thought the unconscious lips were whispering; he leaned quickly to catch the breath, with all the eagerness of a jealous ear.

But Ytol slept peacefully on, nor dreamed of the lowering figure at the drawn curtains.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 197.)

The following is a familiar picture, drawn from life:

I saw her in the omnibus—
I never saw her more;
For with one look she lifted me—
My place she occupied;
Then spread her skirts o'er two or
More seats on either side;
Another look—I passed her face,
And passed her back the change;
She took it from my hand, I swear,
As if I had the magic.
She looked—just ring that bell, I say.
Could I that look refuse?
She calmly rose and picked her way
Among the boots and shoes.
I watched till she the corner turned,
And then, with some chagrin,
Saw to my sorrow that May I be damned
If I do that again."

LAST REGRETS.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

Maiden of the golden tresses,
Why look out with gloom so cold?
Once you sweetly smiled upon me,
And you were my cross of gold.
Then you promised true to love me
Better than the world beside;
By the stars that shone above thee,
You would be my bonny bride.

But your promise is forgotten,
And your laugh is bright and gay,
As if he'er a heart that loved thee,
You had coldly turned away.
Maiden, in your hours of sadness,
Sometimes think of days gone by,
When we wandered forth of gladness
Underneath the starry sky.

Then you told me that you loved me,
And you bade the stars be true;
Now I feel the pain of waking
As from some dream of bliss and blue.
So farewell, sweet dream of heaven!
Farewell too all grief and pain,
For, sweetest voice still whispers,
Joy will come to me again.

The Man from Texas:
OR,
THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.
A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

ADAPTED BY "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY,"
"WOLF," "DICK," "CYCLES," "RED"
"MAKERS," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF"
"PIKE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XLII.

MANY THINGS.

In the cool of the evening Foxcroft and Fayette were walking along a road, and Fayette was talking earnestly to him of the late of his father, earnestly engaged in conversation. Yell Ozark and his latest exploits formed the topic of conversation between the two. Foxcroft was seriously uneasy; he trembled lest the outlaw should be captured and reveal the influential friends who had hitherto aided him.

Fayette laughed at the idea.
"Don't worry about that," he exclaimed. "Whatever Ozark's faults may be, treachery is not one of them. Not to save his neck from the rope would be to betray us."

"Men will do a great many things when in a tight place," Foxcroft replied, dubiously. A coward at heart himself, he judged all the rest of mankind by his standard.

"There is not the slightest danger. The chances, too, are a hundred to one that Ozark will not be taken alive."

"But do you think that he will be taken at all?" Foxcroft asked.

"Yes, I do," Fayette replied. "In my opinion he has about come to the end of his rope. I warned him that if he got old Gold Adair on his track the swamps wouldn't save him."

"Then the old fellow is after him?"

"Yes; I saw him and Lieutenant Winnie ride into the village just before sundown. The old man was armed, and it was evident from his looks that he meant business. It will be just as well for us, Foxcroft, if Ozark is finished. He was getting tired with his share of our partnership and inclined to think that we got all the half-pence and he all the kinks. We should have had trouble with him before long. Things are all settling down to a peace basis, and Ozark's only use to us was his skill with his weapons."

"That is very true; for my part, I am glad to get rid of him."

"And now, Foxcroft, I want you to do me a favor," Fayette said, abruptly.

"Certainly; what is it?" and the fat storekeeper looked just a little bit astonished.

"You remember that Ozark and myself went in search of a box that was hidden in an old cabin, by the edge of the swamp?"

"Yes, do you know that I forgot all about it?" Foxcroft exclaimed. "How did you make out?"

"We found the box without any trouble, but it only contained a few scraps of paper."

"Oh, I see; the overseer got there before you and secured whatever the box contained."

"No, you are wrong there," Fayette rejoined. "for Ozark and myself hid in the swamp until the morning and saw the overseer and the old negro come to the cabin."

"Who do you suppose got at the box?" demanded Foxcroft, evidently astonished.

"I think that the old negro knows something about it," Fayette replied, thoughtfully. "The box only contained a paper which alone concerned the overseer, Ozark and myself. In fact, that statement in part is only guesswork, and it may not concern Ozark and myself at all. Now, I wish that you would call upon old Uncle Snow and see if you can either coax or frighten the darky into telling whether he did tamper with the box or not."

"I can find out, easily enough," Foxcroft said. "I can pretend that I met this Jupiter who left the box and that he told me all about it. Let us turn back and I'll go up to the shanty at once."

The two turned and commenced to retrace their steps.

"By the way, how does the Smith affair come on?" Foxcroft asked.

"The young lady declines, and I shall have to put old Smith through a course of sprouts," Fayette answered, moodily. "There's a chance for you to speculate if you want to buy a plantation cheap. I shall bring it under the hammer as soon as the law will let me."

"I'll think about it."

As the two passed through the main street of the village the overseer rode by them.

Texas evidently had just come from the plantation. As he rode down the street, he met Winnie and Adair coming up.

All three halted and exchanged salutations; then Gold Adair drew off a little to one side, leaving the two friends together.

thought that you would believe in this southwestern notion of personal vengeance."

"Neither do I," Texas replied, slowly, "but I own I have a strange curiosity to discover what it is that has taken so much pains to baffle my search. But where are you bound?"

"After Ozark," replied Winnie, with a side glance at Gold Adair, who seemed buried in abstraction. "I have telegraphed to General Smith, at Little Rock, for permission to take command of the detachment here and pursue this outlaw. You heard about the killing of the Dutch boy, Pete?" and as he put the question, Winnie sunk his voice almost to a whisper so that Adair should not hear him.

"Yes."

"Adair here loved that boy as if he had been his own son. He has hardly eaten anything since the night when we found Pete in the road, stone dead, with Ozark's buck-shot in his brain. Ozark is gone up now, sure, for the old man is as well acquainted with the swamps as he is, and he'll run him night and day till he squares the account."

"There's my man!" exclaimed the overseer, suddenly, as Judge Yell rode down the street. "I'll see you again!" And then Texas spurred off to intercept the old Judge.

At nine o'clock that night the telegraph dispatch came from Little Rock, authorizing Winnie to take command of the detachment of soldiers whom the outlaw had so handsomely whipped, and at ten, Winnie and Gold Adair, with the five soldiers at their heels, were on their way to arrest the desperado.

The change of commanders had had a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the "army," and the five soldiers who had retreated so nimbly from the outlaw but a few hours back were now trotting forward briskly to attack him, burning to wipe out the disgrace of their inglorious defeat.

Gold Adair rode on, gloomy and silent, his trusty rifle lying in the hollow of his arm, and his fingers playing mechanically with the lock.

At three o'clock on the next afternoon the detachment suddenly came upon the outlaw on the East road, a mile or so the other side of the county seat.

A fight ensued, the result of which was one soldier badly wounded, Ozark dismounted from his mule in hot haste by Gold Adair sending a rifle-ball "plum" through the brute, and forced to take refuge in the swamp by the side of the road, leaving his terrible double-barrel gun as trophy of victory to the conquerors.

"Leave him to me!" cried Gold Adair, as he swung himself out of the saddle, and ramming down a charge into his rifle, prepared to follow the fugitive. "One is as good as twenty in this hilly slush. I'll fetch him!" and then the old hunter dashed into the wilderness, leaving the soldiers to return and tell the story of their victory.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST!

Texas rode up to the Judge who was mounted on a mule.

"Good-evening Judge," the overseer said. "Ah, good-evening, Mr. Texas," the Judge remarked, bowing in his usual stately and dignified manner.

"I found a letter belonging to you out near my place," Texas drew the letter from his pocket as he spoke. He had matched the torn scraps together and pasted them on a thin piece of paper.

By the aid of the light which streamed from the window of the saloon near by the Judge examined the letter.

It was simply a note from Bob Howard requesting the Judge to call at his office when he came in town.

The Judge looked puzzled.

"I don't remember ever seeing this," he said, thoughtfully. "I got a verbal message of the same import as this from Howard the other day, but I am certain I never received this note."

"Then Howard must have lost it," Texas observed. "I have a strange curiosity to find out where it did come from. Much obliged, Judge; I'll go after Howard right away."

The overseer proceeded to ride off, and the Judge called out after him:

"You'll find Bob at the General Lee saloon."

Thither the overseer proceeded, and there, as the overseer had said, he found the young lawyer.

Howard remembered the note instantly.

"Oh, yes, I wrote that."

"And did you send it to the Judge?"

"Of course."

"Why, he told me just now that he never received it."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Howard in astonishment.

"Yes; he seemed quite positive about it. He said, though, that he remembered receiving a verbal message from you upon the same subject."

"Oh, yes, I remember all about it now!" Howard exclaimed, abruptly. "After I wrote the note and got one of the young nigs to carry it, it suddenly occurred to me that the boy might lose it on the way, so I told him what the contents were. I see; the boy told the Judge I wanted to see him, and did not deliver the note at all."

The overseer began to despair; the clue seemed to be no clue at all.

The boy probably put the note in his pocket."

"Howard continued, "and then threw it away sometime when he was out by your place. It was that young imp, Jim Crow."

ful hurry; in a moment he was back with a folded paper, yellow with age.

The boy, with the cunning of his race, had overheard the conversation between his grandfather and the white stranger relative to the box, as already recorded, and falling into the error that there was either money or jewels concealed in it, had stolen forth to possess himself of the treasure; but finding only a written paper in the box, he had taken possession of it—

with what motive he could hardly have told himself, except that he thought it must be of value to some one, and that, at some future time, he might be able to dispose of it. Happening to have Howard's note in his pocket, he had torn it into pieces, and placed them in the box, thinking that one paper was as good as another.

Then, with the natural desire to impress Fayette and Foxcroft with the belief that it was valuable to them, he had told of the hidden box, knowing, too, that it only contained a few worthless scraps of paper.

But the revolver of the overseer, and the abrupt accusation, had been too much for him, and in his fright he had yielded up his ill-gotten treasure.

The overseer put it at once into his pocket without examination.

"Uncle Snow, this young imp will stretch a rope one of these days if he isn't careful," Texas said, dryly; then he retreated from the house, mounted his horse and rode off toward the Smith plantation. And there, in the silence of his own room, he examined the yellow document that for so many years had been buried from the light.

An expression of profound astonishment appeared upon the face of the overseer as he ascertained the nature of the legal paper which was spread out on the little table before him.

"Well, of all the strange chances in the world!" he muttered, after he had carefully perused the paper. Then he turned it over and examined the back of it. Three short lines traced in a strange-colored ink, now all faded out, and a signature beneath. Not one man out of a thousand would have guessed that the faint-hued ink was of human blood.

The signature was bold and strong.

"John Cooper, Captain, 3rd Texas C. S. A."

Three times, at least, the overseer read the almost illegible words over, and then he took up a pen and with a firm hand deliberately blotted out the faint lines.

"There," he murmured, after he had finished and he sat contemplating his work; "the secret is mine and his. It is not possible that he can guess or even suspect that any soul in the world except himself knows aught of the past."

Then the overseer got up, folded the paper carefully and put it in a secret pocket in the breast of his flannel undershirt.

Will Fayette had little idea of the impending blow.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 181.)

Treed by Red-skins.

A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"Strut up the fire, Wald, then I'll tell you how I was treed by red-skins."

The speaker, Mark Hardy, was a true type of the "mountain-man." He was then my guide and companion, on a trip across the mountains, for pleasure and adventure.

After a few preliminary remarks, he commenced as follows:

"Thar war eight o' us camped on Beaver Creek, a fork o' the Yellowstone, and a harder set o' boys would be hard to find. Young Markhead war our leader, and he could hold his own with any man that ever set trap for beaver."

"We had our traps all set, but beaver war not very plenty; so it war decided that Markhead, with five o' the boys, should go on a two days' tramp, lookin' for 'sign.' This left me and one Ned Harris, to stay at the camp, and look after the traps."

"Wal, Ned and I got 'long all right, till the second day in the afternoon, when, as we war dressin' a deer, we heard a noise in the bushes, and an instant later, we saw a red-skin dodge from one tree to another."

"As quick as possible we seized our rifles, but beaver war not plenty, and a volley o' arrows came whistlin' round our heads, and Ned fell dead at my feet, with an arrow in his side. Then the varmints rushed into sight, giving a regular yell. I shot the first one, then seizin' Ned's rifle, the second one went under. I saw, however, that thar war too many for one to fight, so I started to run, thinkin' that perhaps I might get away."

"But I had not gone two steps, before I felt a sharp pain in my hip, and I almost fell to the ground. An arrow had hit me, and I saw that I could not run long. And I war just goin' to turn and sell my life as cheaply as possible, when I thought o' an old hollow tree that war blown down, and lay just out o' camp. I suddenly had an idea that, if I could get into that log, I might defend myself till the boys returned. So I quickly made for it, and managed to crawl into it, before the red-skins could do me further harm."

"I found rather close quarters in that old log, but I managed to make it do; and every red-skin that came within range o' my rifle I plunked."

"For three hours I held my own, in spite o' the varmints could do, and they done every thing they could think o'. After tryin' to drive me out, they would draw back inter the bushes, and all would be quiet for a spell. But in a short time they would rush out, and commence the fight, madder than ever. During one o' their restin' spells, I bound up my wound, so as to stop its bleedin'. It felt sore and pained me bad. But I knew it war about time for the boys to get back, so I resolved to hold out as long as possible."

"The red-skins had been quiet for half an hour, and I war 'most tempted to think that they had really gone, when I thought that I saw a thin wreath o' smoke go past the end o' the log. Cautiously I looked out, and saw that my worst fears war realized. They war buildin' fires round the log, and war goin' to burn me out! Then I felt that my time had come, and in a short time the red devils would be fingerin' my scalp."

"I staid in that old log till the fire burnt round the end o' it, and it war so hot that I could bear it no longer; then, with my rifle loaded for use, I crawled to the end o' it, ready to jump out and fight to the last, rather than to be burned to death."

"Oh, didn't the red varmints yell when they saw me come through the fire and smoke, sprawlin' upon the ground! I scrambled to my feet as quick as possible, and as they rushed upon me, I gave the contents of my rifle full in the breast of the foremost savage. At this moment I heard a loud shout in the woods, and the tramp of horses' feet as they dashed through the underbrush; and, almost the same minute, the sharp crack of half a dozen rifles burst upon the air, and as many red-skins bit the dust."

"It war Markhead and the boys, who had returned, just in season to save my life. The

boys made short work of them, and when the cowardly varmints saw that they war gettin' the worst o' it, they took to their heels, all that could; but more than half lay dead upon the ground. But I war the only one o' our gang that war hurt, exceptin' poor Ned."

"The boys then tended to my wound, which war so bad that now, the excitement over, I could not stand alone. They also buried poor Ned; but they let the red varmints lay. They said that, beaver war plenty up the creek, and as soon as I war able, they should move."

"The next day, my wound feelin' a little better, we took up our traps, and moved to safer and better trapin'-ground."

"Thar war the toughest fix I war ever in," he added, "and if the boys hadn't hurried up, when they saw the smoke, and heard the shouts of the red-skins, then old Max Hardy would have had to go under. Wag!"

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE season of professional ball-playing for 1873, as far as the contests for the championship pennant are concerned, closed on Friday, October 31st. It began practically on the first of April, on which day the Philadelphia club

nine played a game at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, with a field nine and won by a score of 31 to 10. The Athletic club began to play the next day at the same place, they defeating a field nine by 53 to 7. On April 3d the Boston took the field for the first time, playing the Harvard nine, the former winning by 12 to 5. On April 5th the Athletics began play at the Capitoline Grounds, playing a field side, and winning by 27 to 7. It was not until April 28th that the Mutual club began play, they opening on that day in a game with the amateur Chelsea, whom they defeated by 24 to 1. The Resolute nine opened play on April 30th in a match with Yale, the score being 11 to 10 only in favor of the professionals.

The championship contests were commenced April 14th, on which day the Washington nine played the Maryland nine at Baltimore and won by a score of 24 to 3. From this time the season's play in the championship arena is to be dated.

During April nine championship games were played. The Philadelphia and Baltimore clubs each winning three games, the Washington two, and the Athletic one. The important contests were the Philadelphia club victories over the Athletic and Boston nines, the former by 11 to 3 and the latter by 8 to 5. This result placed the new "White Stockings" nine in the van at the outset, and, of course, imparted a new interest to the season's play.

The month of May witnessed thirty-three contests in the arena, of which the Philadelphia nine won the majority of important games. The average of the matches played proved to be the best of the season up to September, the figures showing an average of but nine runs to a match for the winning clubs. It was in this month that the Athletic club were more successful than in any month of the season, they defeating the Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston nines. The best game of the month was that between the Athletic and Philadelphia nines, which ended with a score of 5 to 4 only. In this month the Athletics "Chicagoed" the Mutuals 12 to 0.

June opened promisingly for some close contests, the Bostonians beginning with a game in which they defeated the Athletics 5 to 0. In this month forty championship games were played, of which the Boston nine won the majority, the Philadelphia being second on the list, and the Baltimore third. The average play was not up to the mark of that of May, but some good games were played. The best game of the month was that between the Athletics and Boston, played at Boston, June 14th, the Athletics winning by 3 to 0 only, it being the first time the Bostonians had been "Chicagoed" on their own grounds. A twelve-innings game was played June 3d in Brooklyn, on which occasion the Bostonians defeated the Mutuals by 6 to 5. The same month the Athletics "Chicagoed" the Resolute by 10 to 0. The majority of games showed double figures for the winning nines, when fine fielding should have kept the winning nine's score down to 9 at the utmost.

In July thirty-two championship games were played, and the majority of these were won by the Mutual nine. Up to July 30th the Philadelphia had sustained but two defeats and had won twenty-seven games. On the last day of July, however, after having been on a week's spree at Cape May, they sustained defeat at Boston at the hands of the Red Stockings in a poorly played game, and from that date fell off in their play remarkably. It might have been from sheer relaxing in their training, and from a lack of that harmonious play which had previously marked their contests, and then again it might have been from a falling off in the earnest efforts to win. From whatever cause, however, the White Stockings' success culminated in July. Among the close contests of the month was that between the Baltimore and Athletic clubs played at Philadelphia, July 21st, the game requiring thirteen innings to settle it, the Baltimore winning by 12 to 11.

August did not witness over twenty games in the championship arena, as most of the clubs took things easy. The Bostonians went on a practice tour through the States and Canada, and strengthened their nine by adding a new player and placing another man at first base. They only played three championship games this month, of which they won two, the Philadelphia losing three out of five played. The Baltimore nine were the most successful, as they did not lose a game in August and won four. Allison took Hicks' place in the Mutual nine in this month, and the change led to a marked improvement in the play of the Mutual nine. Hicks was disabled from a blow given him by Ferguson in a quarrel they had on the field, Hicks being charged with foul play by Ferguson.

September's record shows some of the finest played games of the season, one in particular being a contest unequalled in the annals of the game, it being the match played September 12th, in Brooklyn, between the Atlantic and Philadelphia nines, no less than fourteen innings' play being needed to settle the question, and then the Philadelphia nine only won by a score of 3 to 2. The Athletics and Washingtons also played a fine fielding game together this month, marked by a score of 4 to 2. The Athletics likewise defeating the Athletics by 5 to 3. The most successful club of the month was the Boston nine, which nine, out of fourteen games in the arena lost but one. Next to them the Mutuals bore off the palm. The average play was better than that of any month since May. The total number of games played was thirty-three.

October, the last month of the championship season, saw the Boston nine win the championship, this nine during their last three months' play losing but five games out of thirty-two played. Thirty-one games were played in October, of which the Bostonians won the majority, the Mutuals being second. The best game of the month was that between the Athletics and Boston, ending with a victory for the former

by 5 to 4, the next best being the ten innings tie-game of 4 to 4 between the Athletics and Athletics. Below we give the championship record for

OCTOBER.

Oct. 1. Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	8 6
Oct. 1. Washington vs. Philadelphia, at Wash'n.....	14 13
Oct. 2. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	10 4
Oct. 2. Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	28 7
Oct. 4. Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	8 7
Oct. 4. Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....	5 4
Oct. 6. Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.....	12 1
Oct. 8. Mutual vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	17 9
Oct. 9. Baltimore vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	29 4
Oct. 9. Boston vs. Washington, at Boston.....	23 6
Oct. 10. Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	7 0
Oct. 10. Boston vs. Washington, at Boston.....	8 2
Oct. 11. Boston vs. Baltimore, at Boston.....	13 1
Oct. 11. Washington vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	17 3
Oct. 11. Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	18 9
Oct. 13. Boston vs. Baltimore, at Boston.....	23 10
Oct. 13. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	18 7
Oct. 14. Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	32 4
Oct. 15. Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	8 6
Oct. 16. Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	13 7
Oct. 17. Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	21 4
Oct. 17. Baltimore vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	17 6
Oct. 18. Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	13 1
Oct. 21. Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	18 13
Oct. 21. Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	35 8
Oct. 22. Athletic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	4 4
Oct. 22. Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	11 8
Oct. 23. Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	9 8
Oct. 24. Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
Oct. 25. Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
Oct. 25. Athletic vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	17 5

GAMES WITH SMALL SCORES.

The following is the record of games played in the championship arena during 1873 in which the winning score did not exceed nine runs.

19.	Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	7 1
23.	Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.....	8 5
6.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	8 2
7.	Baltimore vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	6 5
10.	Baltimore vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....	7 4
12.	Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia.....	7 4
14.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
14.	Mutual vs. Washington, at Washington.....	6 2
15.	Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	7 1
20.	Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	6 3
24.	Boston vs. Baltimore, at Boston.....	8 3
24.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	5 1
26.	Athletic vs. Brooklyn.....	4 2
26.	Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	7 2
27.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	7 2
28.	Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	9 4
29.	Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.....	6 3
30.	Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston.....	6 4
2.	Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	6 0
3.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6 5
4.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 1
10.	Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	8 7
11.	Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	9 5
11.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	7 5
14.	Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.....	7 5
16.	Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	7 5
18.	Washington vs. Resolute, at Washington.....	7 5
19.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	7 1
21.	Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9 1
23.	Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9 4
27.	Athletic vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	9 5
12.	Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
20.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	9 5
25.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 4
28.	Baltimore vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 1
7.	Baltimore vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	5 4
8.	Washington vs. Philadelphia, at Wash'n.....	9 2
11.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	6 4
12.	Baltimore vs. Mutual, at Baltimore.....	7 4
19.	Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Chicago.....	9 4
23.	Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6 5
23.	Athletic vs. Washington, at Philadelphia.....	7 9
27.	Washington vs. Athletic, at Washington.....	9 7
30.	Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.....	7 6
4.	Athletic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 6
2.	Mutual vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	9 0
3.	Athletic vs. Washington, at Brooklyn.....	4 3
4.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	7 3
8.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	6 6
12.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	3 2
12.	Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	9 9
13.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....	7 1
13.	Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	7 1
15.	Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	7 6
18.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	4 4
18.	Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	9 4
25.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.....	8 4
1.	Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 6
2.	Boston vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	7 6
4.	Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....	7 4
10.	Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Brooklyn.....	5 0
10.	Boston vs. Washington, at Boston.....	8 0
12.	Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	4 4
22.	Athletic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	4 4
23.	Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	2 8

THE ENDING YEAR.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

How meet that we, while ends the year,
Should sit with aspect civil,
Recalling all the good we've done—
Forgetting all the evil.

What have I done? Let me see:
I've lifted up the lowly—
A man fell through a cellar-way;
I pulled him out quite slowly.

To one poor starving family
In charity I've given
Nearly twenty dollars' worth of flour—
For a cow worth forty-seven.

I got four men to sign the pledge
From spirituous drinks abstaining,
Unless the weather should be dry,
Or else unless its raining.

I've kindly given good advice
(Which no one hardly follows.)
Worth, when the weather should be dry,
A hundred thousand dollars.

And no one knows the time I've spent
On the affairs of others,
And never charged them one red dime:
I deem all men my brothers.

I've done my best redressing wrongs—
A man sold me bad butter,
He drove down to the hospital
Aboard a no-wheeled shutter.

And I released one human soul
(That long in bondage tarried,
She said she rather would be free:
(She'll very soon be married.)

I've done my best to tell the truth,
A business rather trying,
Especially when truths laid down
Must be considered lying.

I've fed the hungry by the score,
(I'm partner in a hash-house);
I've clothed the naked and the poor,
(I run a clothing cash-house.)

So taking all the year around,
In spite of many a fever,
I think I've done as much real good
As those who've done no better.

DICK DARLING,

The Pony Express-Rider.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

THE sun was sloping down toward the westward, and casting long, black shadows from the gigantic live-oaks that surrounded Fairfield's ranch, when a tall, wiry young fellow, on a bay horse, followed by a tawny bloodhound with black muzzle, rode toward the stockade gate from the direction of Yreka. Any mountain man would have recognized this rider as the well known Dick Darling, first Pony Express-Rider on the Overland Route, and now volunteer mail-carrier between Yreka and the Lava-Beds, where lurked the Modocs.

As Darling neared the ranche a pleased smile lighted up his face, and he murmured to himself:

"They do not expect me; I shall give them a surprise, but nothing to what they will have soon. My innocent little girl, how we have blinded her to the truth! But now it will not be long ere we—Holloa! what's this?"

As he spoke he reined up near the gate, and looked in surprise at the turf around the little spring under the live-oak. It was all torn up and trampled, as if by a struggle, a broken pitcher lay beside it, and the tracks of a horse at full speed led off into the prairie in the direction of the Lava-Beds.

Dick Darling cast a hurried glance at the gate. It was wide open, and his dog ran in, and was queuing about the yard. Not a human being was in sight around Fairfield's. Impatient and anxious, he rode in, calling out: "Fairfield! Lotty! Sophy! Where are you all?"

Nothing answered him but the echoes. "By heavens!" he muttered, "there's Modoc craft in this, or I mistake. Some of Jack's band have been round here. How lucky I have Hector with me!"

Then he rode hastily out of the deserted ranche, calling his dog; and soon stood by the scene of the late struggle. He spoke to the intelligent hound as if he was addressing a human being, saying:

"Hector, there's been trouble here. Some one has carried off your young mistress and her sister. Captain Fairfield's gone, and where I don't know. Find the fellow that carried off your mistress, boy. Seek him, Hector."

The great bloodhound looked up in his master's face with his head on one side, as if he understood every word. Then he turned round and barked about over the trampled turf, sniffing and whining, till, at length, he threw up his head, and uttered a long, mournful howl of peculiar tone.

"Indians; I thought so," said Darling, nodding. "Seek them, boy."

Hector waved his tail slowly back and forth, and went off on the prairie at a long, swift lope, baying in low tones as he went, while Darling rode after him, rifle in hand.

Straight away from the setting sun he rode, bending to the north-east, the direction of the dreaded Lava Beds, wherein lay concealed Captain Jack and his band of savage Modocs. It was also the only road which was as yet unoccupied by troops, the only way of exit left to the savages out of the net of danger which surrounded them. None knew better than Darling that he was going every moment deeper into peril.

But, as he rode on, watching the dog, his thoughts were only absorbed by a single thought: "What had become of his friend Fairfield and his daughters?"

After half an hour's rapid riding, a clump of huge live-oaks looming up ahead, toward which the dog was making, announced that he was running his quarry to earth in all likelihood.

The young frontiersman cocked his rifle, increased his pace to a full gallop, and struck off on a circle so as to ride around the little grove. His experience told him that it most likely contained an enemy, and he did not wish to afford a skulking Modoc a chance of a cool shot.

The hound, separated from his master, kept on as straight as a die, dashed into the covert, baying loudly; and, a few moments after, out came three people at different points, all evidently roused by the dog.

Two of them were girls, mounted on a single horse. The third was an Indian warrior, coming out of the opposite side of the grove.

With a cry of joy Darling galloped toward the Indian, just as the two girls headed their single horse for Fairfield's ranche.

In another moment the faithful Hector bounded out of the wood and sprung savagely at the Indian on the other side. Darling threw his reins over his horse's neck, and fired a rapid shot out of his Spencer rifle at the Modoc. Like a flash, the other dropped over the side of his horse, swerved, and galloped away toward the very place whence the girls had emerged, still followed by the hound.

But the borderer noticed as he passed that the Indian had no gun, and recognized him as one of the bravest of the Modocs, Shasta Jim by name.

He could hardly understand the reason of the other for following the two girls, but he

dashed after him, wasting no more useless shots, but striving to close.

Shasta Jim swept on at full speed to the very place whence the girls had come out, where he suddenly stooped down to the ground, and a moment later sprung in his saddle with a yell of triumph, waving in his right hand a rifle.

Too late Darling saw the trick. The rifle had been there, lying on the ground, whoever it belonged to, and Shasta Jim had picked it up. Now it was a fair fight.

The Modoc did not continue his flight far. He only galloped out into the prairie to a sufficient distance to secure what sailors call an "offset," then turned his horse, and began to near Darling.

Both the antagonists rode at a slow canter in a spiral, gradually contracting their diameter to approach each other on the left hand, each keeping his cocked rifle at a "ready," and watching his opportunity.

Had there been no disturbing element in the contest, Darling would have fared badly; for Shasta Jim was accounted the best shot of his whole tribe.

But one antagonist was there, destined to bring the Modoc to an untimely end. It was the dog Hector, who, with almost human sagacity, now aided his master to some purpose.

White and red were within fifty paces of each other, both horses cantering smoothly and steadily, when Shasta Jim leveled his rifle. Hector, who had been galloping along by the near side of the Indian's horse, no longer giving tongue, sprung forward as the savage raised his piece. The dog uttered a startling bay, and seized Shasta by the leg. The rifle exploded harmlessly, and the bullet flew up to the sky as the Modoc, with a savage yell, turned on the dog.

In the same instant Dick Darling struck in his spurs and galloped in, delivering a single shot, when the muzzle of his piece was within three feet of Shasta's body.

With one last yell, the Modoc warrior threw up his arms and fell from his horse, as Hector let go his leg to seize him by the throat.

The riderless steed galloped away in terror, and the next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy. Shasta Jim was quite dead.



The next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy.

Then the young man looked up, and beheld the two girls halted at a little distance, as if uncertain whether to stay or fly.

"Come on, young ladies," cried the young man; "the danger is past. This rascal will never insult you more."

Then, as if reassured, the two girls approached, and all was explained. Then Dick Darling learned, for the first time, that his friend Fairfield had gone out hunting that very morning; that in his absence Charlotte, the eldest sister, going to the spring for water, had been seized and carried off by Shasta Jim; that the gentle, golden-haired Sophy had turned heroine, armed herself, and gone in search of her sister, just in time to save her from the Modoc's insults; that the sudden appearance of the hound had frightened them all, so that Sophy actually dropped her rifle as she sprung to her horse; that Shasta Jim had been unarmed save for a knife, and had fled from her fire-arms. It thus became plain how the Indian must have been taken prisoner in some other place, from which he had escaped, unarmed, and had watched his opportunity when Sophy dropped her rifle.

Shasta's runaway horse was soon caught, and the three friends slowly rode back to Fairfield's ranche, talking over the occurrences of the day, and blessing the Providence that brought to the rescue in the right moment, Dick Darling and brave old Hector.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 190.)

Strange Stories.

BOULD CAPTAIN KELLY.

An All-Hallow-Eve Story.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In the grand room of Widow Brady's inn, the Queen's Arms, in the town of Kilrush, by Shannon's sweet waters, on All-Hallow-Eve's night, in the year 1790, a gay and frisky party sat drinking.

There was Tom O'Shane, the lawyer; Ned O'Mara, the doctor; a decent lad—fat Phil Burke, the "potheary," three or four of the gentry of the neighborhood, whose names are

not important to our story, and last, though not least, mad Dick Kelly, known from Loup Head to Galway Bay as "Bould Captain Kelly"—a red-faced, red-whiskered, red-headed man of fortv.

A bolder rider to hounds, a harder drinker, and a more reckless, wild "devil," County Clare held not within her limits.

Of an old family, Dick Kelly had inherited a fine estate when he came of age, being an only son. He had served for a few years in his Majesty's Tenth," but had got into difficulties from his card-playing tricks and had been "allowed" to resign.

Ducks and drakes Kelly had made of his paternal acres; and so, on the night of All-Hallow-Eve, 1790, only the old family mansion, sadly out of repair, and a miserable fifty acres, heavily incumbered, remained to the sole representative of the Kellys of County Clare.

Little cared the captain; "a short life and a merry one!" was his motto. Reckless and overbearing, prompt to resort to the family "hair-triggers," at the slightest provocation, trusting to his reputation as a dead shot to bully and browbeat better men than himself, Kelly had few friends and many enemies. But his courage was undoubted, and his many mad exploits gave him full right to his common appellation, "Bould" Captain Kelly, and in fact he rather gloried in the name.

"If I haven't the dirty gould," he would observe, with just the "laste" taste of the brogue possible, "there's not a man Jack of them all, from the Shannon to Galway, can come to the fore wid me when the spirit of a gentleman is concerned."

And the captain was quite right there. Few men in the county cared to quarrel with "Bould Kelly," who could snuff a candle at fifty paces, and who would rather go out on the bogs on a frosty morning to settle an affair of honor than to shake a leg at the grandest ball with a lady, galore, for a partner.

But the worst enemies the gallant captain had to encounter were the "low-bred thieves of the world," the butcher, the baker and the haberdasher. They required money in payment of their little bills, and were not at all inclined to furnish supplies except for cash.

So in his dilemma, as his funds had run out,

At eight o'clock, O'Mara rose to depart, pleading a prior engagement.

Kelly scowled; he guessed that the young doctor was going to visit the heiress.

"Hold on a minit, Mister O'Mara!" Kelly exclaimed, with stately politeness, rising as he spoke; "drink a farewell toast wid me. Fill up, boys—bumpers. Here's long life and happiness to my wife, that is to be, Miss Cornelia Flynn!"

Everyone looked astonished at this want except O'Mara. He only smiled, filled up his glass to the brim, and winking at the rest of the company, said:

"It's proud I am to drink Captain Kelly's toast. Here's long life and happiness to Miss Cornelia Flynn, Mrs. Kelly that is to be—when he gets her!"

Every body expected an explosion; half of the company looked to see the bould Kelly empty his glass in the face of the young doctor, but, on the contrary, that usually hot-headed gentleman coolly placed his tumbler on the table and glared with a sinister leer at the doctor.

"Maybe ye'd like to bet fifty pound that I won't marry the girl?"

"Double the money! I'll go ye a hundred that ye don't," replied O'Mara, promptly.

The bet was made and duly booked. O'Mara left the room, and Kelly and O'Shane, after a few more rounds of punch, followed.

"Are ye mad, Kelly, to risk a hundred pounds, and the chances ag'in ye?" O'Shane demanded.

"Arrah now, hold ye whist!" Kelly exclaimed. "Shure! it's a head I've got on my shoulders. The girl won't have me of her own free will, I know; but, tare and ownds! it's not for nothing that they call me Bould Captain Kelly. For a guinea I've bribed old aunty Callahan to persuade the colleen to comb her hair and look in the glass to see her husband over her shoulder."

At twelve this night, it is myself that she'll see, for I've arranged it so that wid a couple of rapparees from the hills, I shall be in the house; then she'll faint likely, or if she don't, I'll throw a cloak over her head and carry her off to Mount Callan. I'll have a father there, and when the morning comes it's glad she'll be to marry me."

"Ah, ver' good, Mossu Vecator!" cried the half-breed. "Zat is ver' fine fish."

"He'll do, Lewie," said Viator, as the boat glided on. "Would you like to try for one, Scribbler?"

I knew that I could beat him at that game, so he took my place and I stood up with the fish-spear in my hand. I noticed a peculiar grin upon the faces of Lewie and Viator, but did not understand what it meant just then. I soon found out.

"Don't lean too far out of the boat when you strike," said Harry. "These boats are light, you know, and you are not exactly a baby weight. Look sharp now and you'll see a fish."

I soon saw one, and to my excited fancy, he was at least five feet long. I don't think now, as I reflect in the light of reason, that he was quite as large, but he was big enough to make trouble.

"Steady, old fellow!" whispered Harry. "Look out, now, if you love me, for that is a whopper."

I leaned over the side a little, as I had seen Harry do, and struck! Any one who knows the deceitful nature of water in such a light as this, and looking into it at an angle, may imagine the result. The points of the spear went into the sand about two feet from the fish, and yet I imagined that I had taken good aim.

The fish, as if caring nothing for the efforts of such a spearer as I, waved his fan-like tail in derision, and moved slowly away out of the circle of light. A quick sweep of Lewie's paddle again brought him into view, and Harry would have taken the spear from me, but I resisted.

"No, no, Viator. I'll fix him this time, sure!"

"Humph; I'll let you try once more, but I tell you it takes practice to handle a spear."

"Aha!" said Lewie, "ver' true, Mossu Vecator. I give you ver' many lessing before you succeed, eh?"

I was bound to have that fish, this time, and when we came near enough, I struck with a vindictive force, which ought to have accomplished wonders, but failed to do so. I came to unspeakable grief, for when the spear arrived at the bottom of the lake, the fish was not there, and the spear went into a little bed of soft sand, to a depth of at least eighteen inches.

I had leaned pretty well over to get a good blow, and finding it somewhat easier to go out of the boat than stay in it, I chose the easier course. I always did like the easier way, anyhow, and so I went down to pull up the spear. As I went out of sight a burst of hyena laughter from both boats announced the fact that those fellows exulted in my fall; and Dan, the hero of "Spirit Lake" and "Mad Creek," was louder, more fiend-like in his laughter than any one else. Perhaps he remembered how he fell into the quicksand and I helped him out; I wouldn't do it again.

They pulled me into the boat, a wetter and a wiser man. I at once resigned my commission, for I had no further desire to distinguish myself in spearing salmon, and sat dripping in the boat while Harry again took the spear, and in less than five minutes the giant fish which had caused my downfall was floundering in the bottom of the boat, pierced through by the triple spear.

In spite of my condition, and my inability to participate, it was grand sport. The moving lights, the figures of the spearmen, the bows, outlined against the sky, the men at the paddles and the strange glare cast upon the water by the jack, and the gloomy background of forest on the shore, combined to make a picture grand and beautiful.

I have since learned that unless you strike directly upon the back of the fish, it is next to impossible to hit one with a spear if you do not allow for the increased density of the medium through which you see it. I can strike a fish now, with some prospect of success, but at that time am free to say that I was a failure.

"The sturgeon are jumping, Mossu Vecator," said Lewie, as we pulled back with a loaded boat. "Have ze rifle ready."

We entered the river, and I saw that giant fish, the sturgeon, fling himself bodily from the water, and go down in the clear depths. Harry waited with his rifle at his shoulder until another broke the surface, when his rifle cracked, and five minutes later we were towing astern a fish weighing over one hundred pounds, and over six feet long.

Harry had made his last shot on our trip. An hour after we were aboard the steamer, heading for a lake port, seventy miles away. Our month of life in the woods was over, but we had many scalps, scars and trophies to show, and Dan will never quit referring in his local column to the amount of fun to be had in thirty days in the great wilderness of northern New York.

Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

X.—SPEARING SALMON.

A GLORIOUS month we spent in the wilderness, passing from lake to lake, drawing the spotted trout from his haunt in the shaded pools, hunting the deer by the light of the glowing jack, or "stalking" upon the mountain-sides. If we were not skillful hunters we were lucky ones, and with such guides could not fail to do good work. Not a chance was thrown away; and when at last we came out of the wilderness, a few miles from Malone, and headed for the St. Lawrence, we were bronzed like Indians and could destroy a fearful amount of grub. Were we satisfied? No;